

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXI. No. 2099

London
September 17, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

FORTNUM & MASON

for Military Equipment

+ M: VITIE & PRICE + Biscuits of Highest Quality +



By Appointment

Cerebos Salt

adds zest to every meal

UNIQUE FOR WARTIME RESIDENCE OR REST

500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only
half an hour from the heart of London



Telephone:
Sanderstead
2001

No avoidable
alteration in
standard

Illustrated brochure
free on request

SELSDON PARK Hotel

SANDERSTEAD, SURREY

Full en pension terms with free service to station.
Tennis, billiards, squash rackets, dancing, swimming,
electric gymnasium, solarium, all free. Riding

Remote from other buildings in own park of 230 acres
in a neutral area.

Adequate subterranean gas-proof air raid shelter.

Over 160 rooms, the majority with private bathroom.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE

WETHERALL

BOND ST SPORTS CLOTHES

GLAMOROUS

top coats suits frocks about 8½ gns.

PRE-WAR QUALITY

THE DOCTOR'S CEYLON TEA

2 oz. of The
Doctor's Ceylon
Tea goes much
further than 2 oz.
of ordinary tea.

3/-
PER LB

Harden Bros. &
Lindsay Ltd.,
20 Eastcheap,
London, E.C. 3.

PRE-WAR PRICE

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. 12 YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

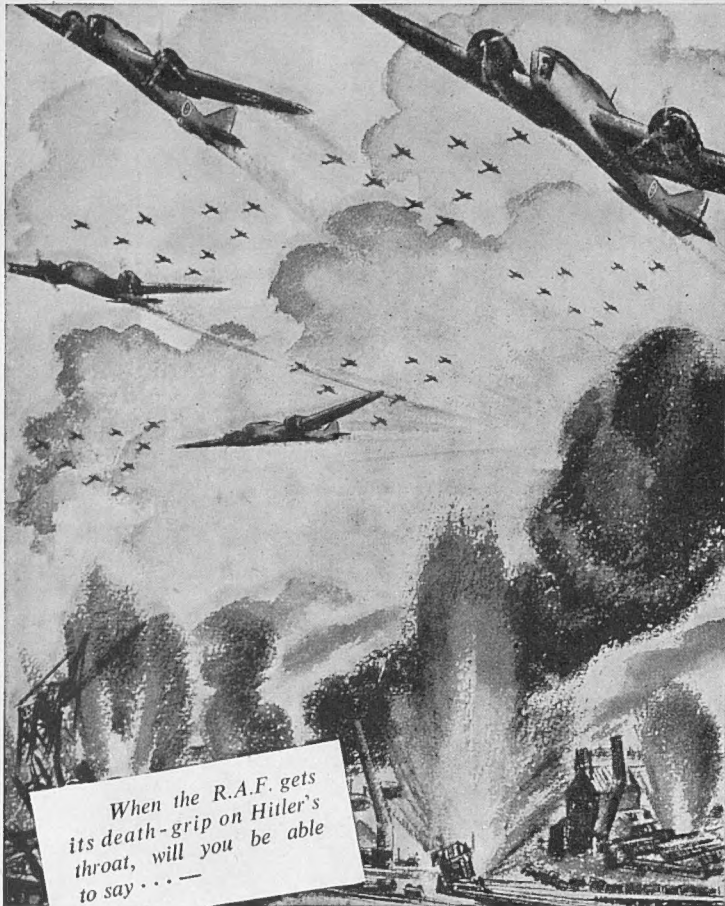
For
HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

Cephos

is safe
and
certain

IN TABLET
OR POWDER
FORM

See-foss REGD
THE PHYSICIANS'
REMEDY



... — mine was a full-blooded effort

We can't all go up ourselves and knock Germany out of the sky, but we can all claim a share in the R.A.F.'s knock-out blows.

We shall all be proud to tell our children of the part *we* played—if we put our backs into fighting the war. Kill the fires, guard the countryside, bring food out of the soil, speed the factories—yes. But one more thing. **DON'T SPEND A SHILLING YOU CAN SAVE.**

Save all you can and put it into the war against Hitlerism. Bluntly—if you aren't doing this (whatever else you do) you aren't doing your bit.

Buy 3% Defence Bonds

An ideal investment for everybody

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London



Now that cigarettes are more difficult to get, perhaps we shall learn to appreciate them more. It is so easy to allow cigarette smoking to become a habit. Four Square smokers have never, in the main, been chain smokers—they have smoked for pleasure and not from habit. We hope that others who join the ranks of Four Square smokers will do the same.

FOUR SQUARE

20 for 1/6

for those who really ENJOY a cigarette

WARDONIA

BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES

SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6

FIT ALL 3-PEG RAZORS

PLUS PURCHASE TAX ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

THE TATLER

LONDON
SEPTEMBER 17, 1941

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXI. No. 2099



Anthony

The Statue and the Lady

Lady Iris O'Malley, Lord Carisbrooke's beautiful daughter, was photographed in the studio of Raoh Schorr the well-known sculptor, who is a friend of hers, and one of whose statues made an amusing setting for a portrait in the disembodied style which the Surrealists first inspired. Lady Iris is the wife of Captain Hamilton O'Malley, whom she married in February. She lives in Chelsea while he is serving in the Irish Guards. Mr. Schorr, who is Swiss, specialises in animal sculpture, but his paintings and studies of human figures and his designs are equally good. He has frequently shown his work at the Royal Academy and at other exhibitions in London and Glasgow, and his "Bengal Tiger" was bought for the Tate Gallery.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Belgium's Justification

LAST week the Belgian Government, established in London, published a book under the simple title, *Belgium—the Official Account of What Happened, 1939-1940*. Those who, in the heat and anxiety of those difficult days, were quick to criticise Belgium and her King have probably already revised their opinion to a great extent. A study of the full story, now published together with a number of historical documents and excellent maps showing the course of the battle during the eighteen days of Belgian resistance, must now convince them that we have a worthy ally who acquitted herself with valour, and laid down arms only when to fight on became impossible.

It was an excellent idea to publish a photograph of the partially burnt document taken off a German staff officer, who made a forced landing in Belgium on January 10, 1940, on his way to discuss details of the invasion plan with the German infantry division headquarters in Cologne. While it is conceivable that this document was deliberately allowed to fall into Belgian hands, with the hope of misleading the Allied staffs into the belief that a different plan of attack would be employed, the actual circumstances of its rescue from a stove into which the officer had managed to thrust it while being questioned would seem to confirm its authenticity.

Introducing the Belgian Grey Book, M. Spaak last week gave a series of small luncheons to correspondents, at which he stressed the highlights of the story. He is a first-class speaker, and, although he professes not yet to have acquired English, his French is of an excellence which makes him a pleasure to hear. He has none of the singsong accent typical of the French-speaking Belgian. He is no mean orator, but his effect is gained rather from the simplicity of his statement and the deep conviction which he carries in telling his story.

Young and Forceful

Now only in his early forties, M. Spaak has achieved much in the past seven years. From being a Socialist deputy with pronounced Left Wing beliefs, his translation to the Right brought him first the post of Transport Minister in M. Van Zeeland's government, and then the charge of Belgium's Foreign Affairs. In 1938 he became Premier. During the last war M. Spaak, then a boy in his teens, determined to join the Belgian forces on the Yser, was caught in the attempt, and spent two years in a German prison camp. There is no doubt that this grim experience had a lasting influence on his attitude towards Belgium's position in Europe, should another war come, and made him a strong advocate of her neutrality policy.

A barrister by profession, he comes of an old Liberal family. His mother represented the Socialist Party in the Senate, the first woman to hold such a post in Belgium. Of medium height and burly in stature, he is a fine athlete, and some years ago was a member of the Belgian international lawn tennis team.

Back to the Front

IN the course of his remarks, M. Spaak touched on a point which has often been debated here; namely why had the Maginot Line,

which guarded France's north-east frontier as far as its point of junction with Belgium, not been extended up to the sea? Stories were put about at the time that France had wished to take these additional precautions, either by extending the fortifications along the Belgo-German frontier, or by carrying them north behind Belgium. M. Spaak is emphatic on this point. On more than one occasion the Belgian Government hinted to the French Government of the day the advisability of such steps, but France never took the hint.

Although Belgium did not call upon her guarantors, France and Britain, until her territory had actually been violated, there was no question of the direction in which her armies were faced. A screen of the lightest character was maintained facing the British and French armies, but no pretence was made that these were intended to bar the Allied advance when "The Day" should come.

I remember one Belgian frontier post a few yards from a farm which the French had turned into a formidable strong point. A single strand of barbed wire ran through the fence which marked the frontier, and the British and Belgian soldiers were chatting friendly to one another. Back and forth across the frontier streamed every day many thousands of Belgians whose work brought them daily to the French side of the frontier.

Lance-Corporal Wauters

ONLY some twenty of Belgium's two hundred deputies managed to arrive in this country. Though they are not constituted in any formal national council, they none the less regard it as their function to act as watchdogs over the activities of the Government. One of the most interesting among them is M. Arthur Wauters, who has been both Minister of Health and of Information in the Belgian Government before the war. His constituency lies between the fortress towns of Liège and Namur, and he was editor of *Le Peuple* up to the moment of the German invasion.

As a professor of economy and a patron of the arts, here in London he has preferred to decline ministerial rank, and as a lance-corporal in the Home Guard, when I saw him the other day in uniform I was impressed by his two and a half rows of decorations which are evidence of the active part which

he played in the 1914-1918 war, although, like M. Spaak, he must then have been a very young man.

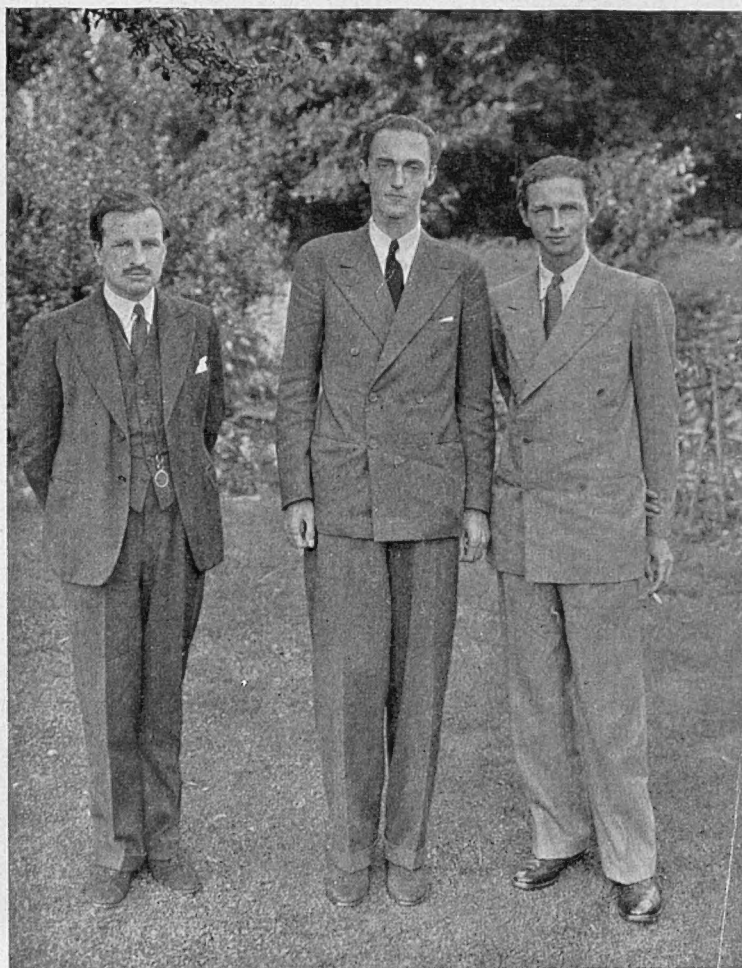
Monkhouse for Moscow

IT is an interesting commentary on the evolution of Soviet opinion that Moscow should have agreed to allow Lieutenant-Colonel Alan Monkhouse to form a member of the mission to the Three-Power talks which is to be headed, so far as this country is concerned, by Lord Beaverbrook. As one of the six engineers of Metropolitan-Vickers who had to stand their trial in Moscow in 1933, Colonel Monkhouse, though acquitted, was banned from returning to Russia for a period of five years. With his colleagues he was accused of offences ranging from espionage to sabotage. Those were busy days for the British Embassy in Moscow, then in the charge of the Counsellor, Mr. William Strang, to whose personal efforts was largely due the ultimate release of our men.

There was perhaps a first indication that the Kremlin wished to let bygones be bygones when, in 1939, Mr. Strang went back to Moscow to take part in the ill-starred negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet pact which, had it been realised, might have done much to save Europe from the temporary domination by Germany under which it now labours.

Unhappy Slovenia

LAST week I gave some indication of the deplorable conditions existing in Spain today. Spain, however, is not yet occupied by the Axis powers. In no part of Europe,



Dennis Moss

Two Archdukes in England

Archduke Robert and Archduke Felix of Austria, who are now in England, have been staying in Gloucestershire with Mr. Kenneth de Courcy, editor of the "Review of World Affairs" (left). They are two of the five sons of the late Emperor Karl of Austria and Empress Zita, who is in Canada with the rest of her children. Both brothers are unceasing propagandists for the independence of their country and for a Central European Federation of States.



Roll Call at Oflag VII D

This photograph of the roll-call parade of British officers at Oflag VII D was sent by Lieutenant A. R. Porter to his father who has given us permission to publish it. Some months ago we published a picture of nine officers, including Lieutenant Porter, at Oflag VII D, who had recently been transferred from Oflag VII C-H. Among the prisoners at Oflag VII D are the Earl of Hopetoun and Lord Rathcreedan

not even excluding Poland, is the Nazi heel pressing so heavily as in Jugo-Slavia. Few people realise the extent to which that composite state, which only on the eve of war was beginning to achieve a real sense of national cohesion, is being carved up by Hitler and his jackal, Mussolini. Slovenia with its 800,000 inhabitants, lying in the north-west corner of the country, is probably suffering most heavily of all.

I have been hearing something about conditions there from M. Krek, who has just arrived in this country after a long voyage to represent the Slovenes in King Peter's government. According to the latest information received, the Axis is deliberately planning the total extermination of the Slovene people. Already 280,000—approximately one-third of the population—have been transferred to forced labour or concentration camps in Serbia. Italy has now acquired the entire Jugo-Slav coast-line which, with Albania, realises Rome's dream of making the Adriatic an Italian lake. The bulk of northern Slovenia has been seized by Germany, who has also handed over a large slice of north-eastern Croatia to Hungary.

Serbia now has its puppet German-controlled government, the southern part of that country, Macedonia, having been handed over to German-controlled Bulgaria. It is, however, an interesting commentary on the unpopularity of the Axis New Order that the Duke of Spoleto, designate king of "Independent Croatia," has not yet dared to venture into his kingdom, or formally to assume the throne.

Democratic Rumanians

DURING the years immediately preceding the present war in Europe there were those who said this would be a struggle between rival ideologies. Others argued that ideology would be no more than the cloak under which the countries would once again go to war to

satisfy their nationalistic aims and ambitions. Today, with all Europe under Nazi domination, one feels that those who advanced the ideological argument were right. Britain and her allies have claimed before the world that they are fighting the battle for freedom and democracy. In almost every one of the occupied countries one now feels the uprising of a genuine determination to re-establish democratic forms of government.

In no country is this truer than in Rumania, among the first to be sold out to the Axis by a quisling king. Realisation by the people and by many of their representatives in this country that there must be no return in Rumania to a dictatorial regime has led to the formation in London of the Rumanian Democratic Committee, headed by Mr. Victor Cornea, an earnest student of Balkan and Danubian affairs who has been working with the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and has advanced, constructive views on the post-war organisation of south-east Europe.

I was talking last week to Mr. Cornea and some of his colleagues on the committee, among them Colonel Georges Mavrodi, who spent half of his life in the personal entourage of King Carol. He is, however, one of the most outspoken in denouncing Carol's conduct during the last years of his reign. Nor have they much sympathy for young King Michael who, under the influence of General Antonescu, the Iron Guard Premier, has allowed himself to become the Pétain of Rumania. This group of Rumanian democrats has very little use for the movement founded by M. Tilea, the former Rumanian Minister in London, and certain of his colleagues in the Legation, all of whom were the personal nominees of Carol. They feel that these men, in the nature of things, cannot lay the foundation for a new and a democratically governed Rumania.

While at first sight it might seem regrettable that representatives in exile of an occupied

country should be unable to unite and pull together, it is probably a healthy sign, and one that augurs well for the future, that these domestic difficulties should be threshed out now, rather than after the new order of freedom has been established.

Iran Toes the Line

SIR READER BULLARD must be congratulated on his success in persuading the Iranian Government to agree to the demands put forward jointly by Britain and Russia after their almost bloodless occupation of the country. With their overpowering strength the Allies could obviously have imposed their terms within a few hours of taking over control. Hitler would have done so and, incidentally, have assumed responsibility for running the country, either by force or through a quisling regime, for the rest of the war. Thereby he would have weakened himself instead of gaining new strength. The British method is better, namely, to expend the minimum of strength by gaining the co-operation of the people and government.

To some people it may have seemed strange that the British and Russian Ministers should have been content to move so slowly and to "negotiate" when quite obviously their countries were in a position to impose their will. But had they wielded too heavy a stick they might have driven a somewhat weak government to the point of throwing in its hand. It was much better to be firm but also understanding of the local problem.

For this purpose we were lucky in having a Minister at Teheran who knows the Middle East inside out. Just in time we sent a similarly equipped Minister to Baghdad, in the person of Sir Kinnahan Cornwallis. In these two important neighbouring—and oil-bearing—territories we are represented by experts. By degrees Mr. Eden, as Foreign Secretary, is applying the same principles to all our diplomatic posts abroad.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

The Right to Tamper

WHAT are the facts about the alleged horror film concerning Nazi atrocities in Russia which I saw on the second day of its public showing on Tuesday last week? I sat there in shuddering expectancy, and saw nothing that would have brought a shiver to the spine of the most timorous schoolgirl. Presently Mr. John Gordon told us that the film, captured from the Germans, had been shown not for our delight or entertainment, but to arouse the nation through paralysing terror to a proper sense of its danger. I repeat that I saw nothing with the exception of a dead horse which might not have been a peace-time review in, say, the Long Valley at Aldershot. What had happened to the horrors? Were there none in the original film or had they been cut out? And if so, by whom?

WILL somebody tell me, please, whether exhibitors have or have not the right to cut films sent to them by an authority which is superior and ought to be over-riding? One of the best-known British film directors writes to me:

"Film theatre owners are the final arbiters as to what shall be shown in their theatres. British exhibitors have decided that the public shall not have reality in any form—perhaps rightly: no political angles—no stressing of *badness* unless punished or repentant. A theatre owner *can* and

does cut out of a film anything which he may hold to be 'unsuitable' for his audience. The Powers that Be have decided that German-made propaganda films designed to terrify audiences into submission shall be shown to the public in the raw. But the films, instead of being given to a documentary unit for editing, as would be a normal process, were handed over to the mercies of the news reel companies, which are, generally speaking, controlled by the exhibitors. The result is that the films as shown are denatured. I don't say the exhibitors are wrong—I only point out that the Government department concerned is either insincere or asleep."

MY view is that the Powers that Be should have issued this film through the Ministry of Information with a succinct not to say curt order that it should not be tampered with in any way. What I want to know is whether the film I saw was tampered with or not. And no prevaricating, please. If I am told this was only a first instalment and that there are plentiful horrors to come, then I say that this was a bad first instalment and that the whole series should have begun, like *Answers*, with the second number.

IT is only fair to the film companies to say that they put a generous interpretation upon keeping the film public out of touch with reality. If *The Shepherd of the Hills* (Carlton) is

not real, at least in intention, then I should like to know what other label we should stick on to it. The period seemed to me to be of that date which it is convenient to call American Backwoods—American because every one pronounced "pretty" as "purty" and "pa" as "paw." The scenery did not strike me as being particularly American, most of it looking like Wentworth golf links in the making. Tee-shot after tee-shot between vistas of pines revealed themselves, with cunningly placed greens making the perfect two-shotter. The lighting seemed to vary between midnight and the brewing thunderstorm—the pathetic fallacy in full swing. There was a complicated story of a blood-oath sworn by some bastard—using the word in its technical sense—to seek out and kill his unknown father. And there was, of course, a love affair between the bloodthirsty fellow and Wordsworth's Lucy.

WHAT a crew these backwoodsmen and women seem to have been! Add the characters of *Wuthering Heights* to those of the play called *Tobacco Road* and you get some notion of the people in this picture. But I doubt whether the countryside round Haworth and Jeeter Lester's farm added together could produce anything quite so alarming as that property known in this film as "Moaning Meadow," not to be entered unless you first exorcised the evil genius of the place, for which purpose you went through an abracadabra like a Russian adding up a bridge score in his native tongue.

Now in the background of the film was an old woman who was the sort of character Maeterlinck would have labled "la plus vieille et la plus aveugle." She had been blind from birth and the Shepherd of the Hills—who, of course, was the bastard's father—sent her to a clinic: which clinic behaved in an extraordinary way even for a backwoods clinic, since it sent the old lady back after the operation without troubling to see whether it was successful. And allowed the villagers to stick the poor old thing in a ceremonial chair on the top of a mountain and have her bandages taken off in the full glare of a healthy afternoon sun. Whereupon it appeared that she knew enough about seeing to spot at one glance what had been hidden from the others—namely, the extraordinary likeness between the bastard and the shepherd. Well, well! This, after all, is the cinema, and cinema-goers would hate to be told that to a person seeing for the first time, all human faces are as much alike and indistinguishable as sheep to a layman.

And then there was a lot of shooting. A mother began by shooting her idiot son—and it was explained that he would not have been an idiot if he had not been struck by lightning and the mother would not have been so bitter if the lightning hadn't given her a tap, too. And since in the films a shot through the stomach is always a marvellous restorer of speech, the idiot was able before he passed out to hand to his mother a good and strong telling off. Next, the young man with the blood-oath proposed to kill his father who, however, forestalled him in this dire project. But the young man did not die: the effect of a revolver shot in the films is to make Young Men See Things In A Different Light.

A WIT once called my attention to what he described as a misstatement in Gray's *Elegy*: this occurred in the line about the "short and simple annals of the poor." He remarked that the annals of the poor were seldom simple and never short. I found the picture excessively complicated and very long. On the other hand, it is only proper to say that it held my attention to the end, largely owing to the excellent acting of John Wayne as the young man, Harry Carey as his father and Betty Field as the young woman.



"The Shepherd of the Hills"

John Wayne and Betty Field play out the stormy, superstition-surrounded love story of Pastor Harold Bell Wright's famous novel which has been filmed by Paramount. Harry Carey takes the name part, and Henry Hathaway directed. "The Shepherd of the Hills," published in 1907, was one of the first novels to sell a million copies. The screen version of it, on which Mr. Agate comments this week, is showing at the Carlton



Trouble begins at the third wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Ireland (William Powell and Myrna Loy). What with a mother-in-law, an aunt, an ex-girl friend and a handsome archery champion, the marriage doesn't seem to have a chance, and pretty Mrs. Ireland decides on divorce



Escape from the asylum is only achieved by Mr. Ireland (William Powell) when he dresses up as a woman. With him above are the archery champion (Jack Carson) who likes his wife, and the girl (Gail Patrick) who used to like him



To avoid divorce, Mr. Ireland pretends he's a lunatic. He pretends so well that he is put in an asylum. There Mrs. Ireland, who is sure he's only acting mad, visits him. But the doctor (Sig Rumann) is convinced of his patient's insanity

Something new for William Powell is to get himself up as a woman. An impressive matron he makes too. But he had to sacrifice his little moustache. Note his exquisitely manicured nails

"Love Crazy"

William Powell Pretends He's Mad and Dresses Up as a Woman in the New Powell-Loy Comedy

A new film by the famous married-couple team of Powell and Loy went to the Empire last Friday. *Love Crazy* is nothing to do with their "Thin Man" series, but follows them through the erratic comicality of matrimonial complications which lead Bill Powell in and out of a lunatic asylum. High comedy is touched by his efforts to persuade every one he's mad, and a new gag—his impersonation of a starchy matron—is needed to rescue him from the institution for loonies. Jack Conway directed this piece of absurdity. Myrna Loy and her partner are already at work on a new joint effort, *The Shadow of the Thin Man*



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Room V (Garrick)

THE author of this ingenuous play, understood to be an officer in the army, assumes the curious nom-de-plume of Peter Wendy and so sets one on the alert for traces of the influence of Barrie. These traces are not hard to find. Before the first act has been long in progress, we realise that the action is taking place in an up-to-date version of *Our Home Under the Ground*, the home under the ground being an accidentally discovered air raid shelter which is as safe as tubes and ever so much comfier.

Here the inmates are, still in the Barrie tradition, *Lost Boys and Girls* most heterogeneously assorted but with tragedy in common, for their parents, their husbands, their wives, their children, their homes, have been destroyed in blitzes. And over them presides a Little Old Lady with a great deal of money and a passion for mothering who is affectionately referred to as Little Lady by all her grateful protégés—policemen, dustmen, plumbers, mediums, Russians, Jews, Negroes, Italians, babies, sometimes crying, sometimes praying, but for the most part fleeting the time carelessly as they did in the golden world, singing a great deal, dancing quite a lot,

proposing to each other, accepting each other, and congratulating each other, and expressing at regular intervals, to the accompaniment of incidental music, the author's views on life, which are at once extremely sound and extremely simple.

NEVERTHELESS, it seems to me that in contriving an ultimate state of permanent happiness for all concerned in his story the author has not quite had the courage of his convictions. In the first act one of the characters declares that even though we may lose all our material possessions, the key to happiness can never be taken from us, for that is something we possess uncapturably inside us. This thought must have occurred to many people during the past two years, and it is a thought both comforting and true. But an author who builds a play on this thesis should not, one feels, find it necessary to ensure felicity for his characters by seeing that every one of them is presented in the last act with an envelope containing enough money to ensure them against want for the whole of the rest of their lives.

Little Lady, however, is always doing things like this. She it is who provides all the food

and games in the home under the ground, shedding the light of her gentle influence with such beneficent effect that everybody becomes the better for it. In her own case, virtue is its own reward, although she does, by a happy accident, once again find the harum-scarum son who ran away from her when he was fifteen and who, in the blitzes, actually took to looting. But it is clear that, once restored to his mother's tender arms, he will never loot again.

THE play concludes with the bells of peace ringing on Christmas Day, while the whole company joins in a Christmas carol—the whole company with the exception of Little Lady, who has passed away from shock caused by the explosion of a time-bomb at the last moment. In the part of this good Samaritan, who would be so charming in real life but is a little trying on the stage, Miss Christine Silver reveals tact, technique and unquestioning sincerity. Vice, however, is more dramatic than virtue and distress more moving than composure. Of the other players, Mr. George Street as a big-hearted Cockney plumber turns his opportunities to the most effective account.

Diversions are provided between the acts by Mr. Ivan Schayle, who sings negro songs at the piano, and by Mr. Spencer Thomas, who gives voice to a ballad specially composed for the production, entitled *The Call to Freedom*. The gallery became rather restive at the first performance, hailing the final chimes of peace with an exclamation of "Invasion!" Good intentions seemed, throughout, to claim indulgence; but good intentions are insufficient when the execution is not æsthetically adult.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



All in a Shelter: Policeman's Wife (Wenda Rogerson), Little Old Lady (Christine Silver), Girl (Nancy Parsons), Plumber (George Street), Would-Be-Medium (Mabel Poulton) Winnie (Ernest Trimmingham)



Anthony

Tarakanova à la Bohème

Nina Tarakanova is the sparkling gay dancer who is one of the principals of Mona Inglesby's company now at the Lyric Theatre. She was photographed in the costume, designed by Beryl Dean, which she wears in *Fête Bohème*, Harold Turner's ballet to Dvorák music, one of the novelties presented during the first week of the season. Tarakanova has been known to London audiences since 1934, when she first came here with Colonel de Basil's company. Her last appearance as a Russian dancer was with Massine's Company at Drury Lane in 1938. Last summer she and her English husband had a perilous journey back from the South of France, in his yacht. Since then she has been living in England, while her husband is serving in the Middle East.

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Luncheon

A LARGE luncheon in honour of the nurses of the Empire was got up by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League, and took place on the second anniversary of the war. Matrons, or their representatives, came from a hundred and twenty-nine London hospitals, and overseas nurses were from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Czechoslovakia, Free France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, Poland and the U.S.A.

The money for the luncheon was given by an anonymous philanthropist, and Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas were receiving the guests, she in a green dress and becoming tricorn hat. Mr. Ernest Brown spoke, long but amusingly, and was introduced by Sir Jocelyn. At the end the Matron of St. Thomas's, remarkably girlish-looking for such a position, made a charming little speech.

People there included Lord Horder, Mrs. Waterson, wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Sir Bernard Docker, Chairman of British Hospitals Association, Sir Walter Monckton, Sir Hugh Gurney, and quantities of others.

Winter Music

THE winter concert season began ten days ago at the still-echoing Albert Hall. Dvorák was the hero of the day, and the Czech national anthem was played in honour of the composer and of the Czech Ministers who were present. Malcolm Sargent conducting was what every foreigner's idea of an Englishman is not—full of fiery vitality and unashamed joy in the rhythm and excitement of Dvorák's music.

The Albert Hall has no intimacy and offers the minimum of chances to meet friends. At the Queen's Hall, however stern the struggle, it was possible to make sure of seeing anyone one really wanted to see by doing the round of the foyer, the staircases, and the downstairs bar. But at the Albert Hall it's almost impossible to meet even by arrangement. So it displeases both the musical, by its terrible acoustics, and the social, by its roundness and lack of a nice gossiping-ground.

Steady concert-goers in the audience included Sir Victor Schuster, whose wife is herself a violinist, and Mr. Anthony Asquith. The Schusters, who live in Sussex, often have musicians staying with them, and are important supporters of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

Sitting by himself and listening with professional interest was Mr. Sidney Beer. He is conducting a whole series of Saturday afternoon concerts with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, beginning on October 18th. At one of them, in February, he is conducting the first English performance of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*, known to the ballet world through the gramophone-record accompaniment to Frank Staff's ballet, and Symphony Number Six by Zostakowicz, known more familiarly to the musical public as Shostakovitch.

Revelry at Night

REAL night-life doesn't start to get going until after eleven, and the smartly uniformed young gentlemen who relax with the pick of the pretty girls like to do it in a big way when they do stay up.

The Four Hundred is practically pitch

dark—pin-pricks of light glimmer through red silk low down on the tables—and the walls are made of pleated silk. Miss Mary Churchill was there lately, looking pretty through the gloom, so was Miss Isobel Milles, who has long dark hair. Lady Marguerite Strickland had on a lovely pale blue chiffon blouse; Miss Ann Mackenzie was all in pale blue, spangle-patterned.

Mrs. Ward, who was Miss Pamela Winn; was dancing with Mr. Tony Wertheimer, and looking very cute in sequins; Lady D'Avigdor Goldsmid, who used to be Mrs. Horlick, took her spectacles off for dancing, but put them on for sitting. Lord Euston was there, Miss Cynthia Keppel, Miss Christian Grant, Mr. Sandy Neville, Mr. Bob Kennard, Mrs. Bickford (Lady Courtney's daughter), Mrs. Jardine Paterson, who was Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, with her husband, and a crowd more.

Seen About

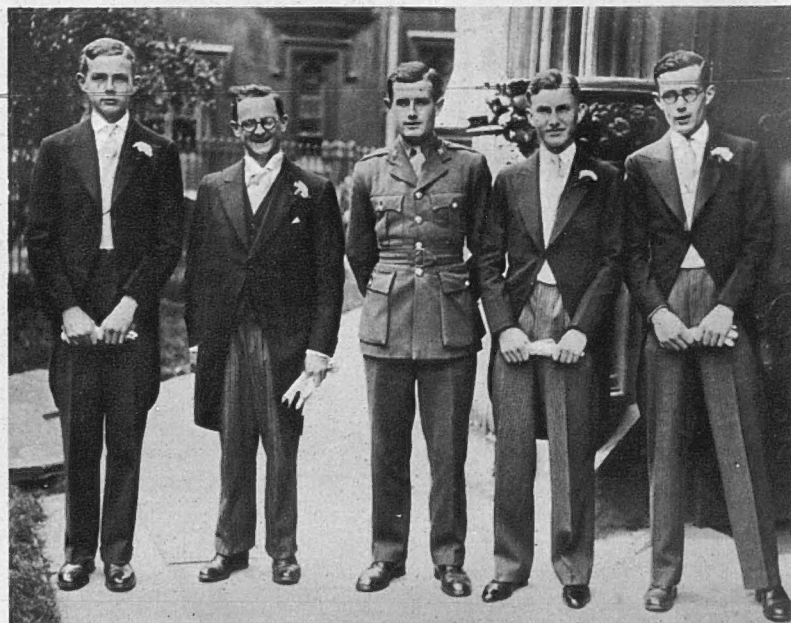
MR. EDWARD HULTON was out lunching with Miss Florence Horsbrugh, the M.P.; Mr. Noel Coward was with Miss Gladys Calthrop, she in her F.A.N.Y. uniform. Mr. Maurice Browne was in a party at the Café Royal which included Miss Catherine Lacey and Miss Margery Morris; Mrs. David Motion was at the same place, up from Salisbury Plain for a night, and with her initials, B.M., embroidered on the sleeves of her dress. Mr. Ernest Thesiger was in Harrods; another person from the *Ambassadors Revue* out at night was Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

London has seemed very full lately: streets, buses, shops. If old jammed traffic conditions return after the war, it will be very hard to put up with, now one has got used to bowling along the empty streets, and covering London in a quarter of the time it used to take.

Polish Relief Fund

Lots of people are busy about the Poles, and Miss Sarah Churchill did her bit by broadcasting on the anniversary of the invasion of Poland. She spends her spare time at the lovely cottage she has taken in Buckinghamshire, where she is welcomed

(Concluded on page 404)



At the Stride—Lamb Wedding: Family, Bridesmaids and Ushers

Johnson, Oxford

Lady Rochester arrived at St. Aldate's, Oxford, where her second daughter, Mary, was married to the Rev. D. W. A. Stride (see opposite page), with her eldest and youngest daughters, the Hon. Grace and the Hon. Muriel Lamb, and Miss Margaret Nicholls (right). Miss Muriel Lamb and Miss Nicholls were the two bridesmaids

Ushers at the Stride—Lamb wedding were the Hon. Kenneth Lamb, Mr. E. H. Dean, Sec.-Lieutenant the Hon. Foster Lamb, Mr. David Stride, and the Rev. the Hon. Roland Lamb. Foster, Roland and Kenneth Lamb are Lord Rochester's three sons, in that order of age, and brothers of the bride

Four Weddings



The Rev. A. L. Pond and the Hon. Joan Eden

The Rev. Alfred Lisinea Pond, Vicar of All Souls', St. Margaret's-on-Thames, was married in his own church, by the Bishop of Kensington, to the Hon. Joan Eden, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Auckland, of Wavertree, St. Margaret's-on-Thames. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Chaloner Pond



Captain Liddle and Miss Mary Patricia Randolph

Captain Edward Arthur Desmond Liddle, R.N.R., and Miss Mary Patricia Randolph, elder daughter of Captain Thomas and Lady Dorothy Randolph, of Elmwood, Warlingham, Surrey, and niece of the Earl of Waldegrave, were married at All Saints', Warlingham. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Liddle, of 40, Kelvin Court, Glasgow



The Rev. D. W. A. Stride and the Hon. Mary Lamb

The Rev. Desmond William Adair Stride, of 12, Weymouth Street, S.W.1, and the Hon. Mary Pleasant Lowry Lamb, second daughter of Lord and Lady Rockester, of 14, Worcester Place, Oxford, were married at St. Aldate's, Oxford. He is the son of Commander D. A. Stride, and Mrs. Stride. After a reception at the Randolph Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Stride left for a honeymoon in the Cotswolds



Captain C. R. I. Russell and Miss Agnes Parsons

Captain Cosmo Rex Ivor Russell, K.R.R.C. (Queen's Westminsters), eldest son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, of 22, Cottesmore Court, W.8, and cousin of Lord Ampthill, was married at St. Mary's, Newick, Sussex, to Agnes Mary Parsons, eldest daughter of Canon and Mrs. R. E. Parsons, of Newick Lodge, Newick. Her sister Hester married Lieut. David H. G. Russell, R.N.V.R., Captain Russell's youngest brother, last year

Social Round-about

(Continued)

by the pigs and chickens, and briskly digs for victory.

An energetic worker for the Fund is Miss Clarissa Borenus, who, as well as working in London, has made very successful appeals in Yorkshire and Oxfordshire, and is soon going to Leicestershire.

Lord Nuffield has just sent one of his lovely cheques to the Fund.

Looking after Poles in the North are Mrs. Richard Tauber (Diana Napier) and Mrs. Allinson. Lately they organised a dance near Perth.

Red Cross

SWIMMING competitions were a means of raising money for the Red Cross in Minehead, and Lady Cromer, Lady County Superintendent of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, opened the gala at Minehead swimming-pool. With her was Mrs. G. F. Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, who is Assistant Superintendent: her husband is the owner of the pool, and he met the expenses.

At Credington a garden fête and pony gymkhana was opened by Lady Hanmer, in aid of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund. Mr. Richard Maddox, chairman of the Maelor branch of the National Farmers' Union, introduced her, and she made a speech about the Red Cross. The fête was at Lord and Lady Kenyon's home, and Lady Kenyon made a speech too.

Charity Matinée

NEXT Wednesday, September 24th, a special matinée of *Rise Above It*, at the Comedy Theatre, will be in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Guest stars will join the regular cast, which "the two Hermiones" head.

Chairman of the committee running the

matinée is Sir Herbert Morgan, and helping him on the committee are Lady Riverdale and Lady Portal, Air-Marshal Sir Charles Portal's wife.

Edinburgh News

THIS month Mr. Cowan Dobson is having an exhibition of his paintings in Edinburgh, where he is now working. It is the first he has had for four years, and the proceeds from the sales of catalogues are going to the Lord Provost's fund. Among the twenty-five portraits to be shown is one of the Marchioness of Aberdeen, and one of the late Amy Johnson. One of Mrs. Cowan Dobson in Spanish costume has only been exhibited at the Paris Salon before this.

She is vice-chairman of a ball being arranged for the Mechanised Transport Corps at the end of the month, and has been made an associate member of the Corps. Lady Haward is chairman of the ball, and all the Edinburgh belles are on the committee. One of them, Lady Mary Greaves, is the daughter of Lady Dysart, a very active person in the North. Miss Sheila Duncan-Miller is the honorary secretary, and the President of the ball is Captain Vivien Rutherford-Warren, of the M.T.C.

Movements in Ireland

MR. HORE-BELISHA has been staying with Lord Castlerosse in Killarney, and went to the Abbey Theatre première of Mr. J. Fitzgibbon's first play, *The Fire Burns Late*.

Mr. Nial O'Malley Keyes, whose brother married Lady Iris Mountbatten, has just come to London from Achill Island, County Mayo, where he has been having a holiday. He is the author of *Blubber Ship*.

Among painters in Ireland is Mlle. Hélène de St. Pierre, descendant of the Maréchal St. Pierre of Napoleonic days, and just married to Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy. A Dublin painter, and one of the most advanced of Irish artists, is Miss Mairie Tellet, who



Sweeney

Wedding Guests

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Iliffe, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, and the Hon. Richard Iliffe were three of the guests at the Kyle-Wilkinson wedding (see page 417). The bride's father, Major Wilkinson, used to manage Lord Iliffe's Berkshire estate

was a pupil of André L'Hôte in Paris, and has exhibited in the autumn Salon as well as in London and Dublin. Like Mr. O'Malley Keyes, she has been having a holiday on Achill Island, with a painter friend, Miss Stella Frost.

Before Dinner

MR. FRED RALLI has had all the lovely pictures removed from the walls of his ground-floor flat, and now the chief decorations are the masses of tomatoes he is growing in the garden, which cover the windows, filtering the light in nice and green.

His mother was there, up from her home in Sussex, and trying the delicious whisky sours he had mixed. Christabel Lady Amphill was in very smart black, with gold ornaments, and Kathleen Lady Domville was without a hat.

People got in and out of the window to inspect the tomatoes keenly and enviously.

Animals

ANIMAL love is a part of upbringing and education: children are lured from goldfish to guinea-pigs before becoming worthy of our nobler pals, cats, dogs and horses, without one or some of whom no really presentable life is complete.

Lady Bridgett Poulett has a miniature poodle; Princess Nika Yourievitch a male sheepdog called Alice; Miss Diana Trench takes about a tortoise-shell kitten on a lead; Lord Tredegar includes a large monkey in his menagerie in Wales; Mrs. Rupert Inledon-Webber is seldom without her chestnut and white King Charles spaniel; Lady Warrender's piebald greyhound is called Boy; Lady Iris Capel has a bodyguard of Siamese cats; Lady Jersey's Alsatian keeps up the breed's reputation for sinister good looks, and so on.

Not forgetting, of course, the famous royal Corgis.



A Famous London Character

Mrs. Rosa Lewis, aged eighty-two, still keeps open house at the Cavendish Hotel in Jermyn Street to old friends and new. With her here is Lieut. Parker, a well-known American yachtsman from Boston, now serving with the R.N.V.R. All Americans who know their London know the Cavendish and Mrs. Lewis



Just Off Piccadilly

Mr. Teddy Schultze, son of Mrs. Drexel Biddle, and Mr. Charles Wright, formerly of the Life Guards, and now Mr. Drexel Biddle's secretary, were photographed in Arlington Street. Mrs. Biddle's son, who was in charge of the Polish-American Volunteer Ambulance section in France, is now serving with the Free French Forces

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



Sun Castle passed the winning-post a head in front of Chateau Larose, winning for Lord Portal his first classic race

The New St. Leger

The Last Classic of the Season

The New St. Leger, run for the first time at Manchester, was won by Lord Portal's Sun Castle from Mr. H. E. Morriss's Chateau Larose, Lord Glaneley's Dancing Time being third. The winning horse was trained by Captain Boyd Rochfort. Lord Portal, who is Additional Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, was unable to be present, and his horse was led in by Lady Chesterfield. George Bridgeland, who made his name in France, rode Sun Castle, and the race was watched by a very large crowd indeed. Sun Castle is a son of Hyperion, who has already bred a Guineas and Oaks winner in Godiva, a Derby winner in Owen Tudor, and the New St. Leger proved another success for this famous horse, who himself won the Derby and St. Leger for Lord Derby in 1933



Captain Boyd Rochfort trained Sun Castle and Lady Chesterfield led him in. They are seen with him after the race



The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, owner of Owen Tudor, was with her soldier-husband, Captain R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan. Owen Tudor, the Derby winner, started second favourite for the St. Leger, but failed to stay, and finished eighth



The Hon. George Lambton, seen in the paddock with a friend, trained Mr. Morriss's Chateau Larose, who started favourite in the St. Leger and came in second, ridden by Jones



The Duke of Westminster's candidate for the St. Leger was Lambert Simnel, who won the Guineas, but was afterwards beaten by Owen Tudor in the Derby

Standing By ...

(Continued)

by borrowing Renaissance and mediæval dress from the theatre wardrobe forgot, we take it, that rich and beautiful dress went with the rich and vibrant ages, and *Vierge souveraine*! where are they?

A sweet little actress seen tripping along the Piccadilly of 1941 in the authentic garb of, say, Yseult of Brittany or Beatrice d'Este would make us personally sombre, resentful, rather bitter, and inclined to nag, and perhaps to strike the chit; for we hate to be reminded of beauty lost for ever, and any bright-eyed little mopsy flaunting Renaissance costume and trilling Shakespeare's music, such as:

Heel! menneh-callah'd-messnah, that ne'ah
Dast disobee the wafe ahv Jupitah,
Who with thay seffrn weengs, apahn may flahs,
Diffusest hanneh-drahs, refreshing shahs

—affects us with such exquisite, aching nostalgia that on the last occasion we opened a vein with our penknife and quietly bled to death in the stalls.

Groan

Too late. What would Richard II. look like walking round modern London in his famous jacket thickly sewn with balasrubies? Or Charles the Rash of Burgundy in his battle-hat hung with rows of pear-shaped pearls and sapphires? Or sweet Piers Gaveston in his jacinth-studded, damascened, red-gold dress-armour? Or any of the big Elizabethan boys such as Raleigh, plastered with diamonds and pearls like a coster queen? Pretty silly, says you. That's a fact, says we. Nothing like the good old heather-mixture reach-me-downs and a nice bowler, says you. That's true, Heaven help you, says we, rolling over with a stifled groan and shamming dead.

Blast

THAT unanimous and remarkable swing-round of the Press on the subject of America, following Mr. Philip Hewitt-Myring's explosion in *The Times* headed "Fools' Paradise," is still operative, our spies report.

Some of the Fleet Street boys (God bless

and save them) have something to answer for, beyond doubt, like a few politicians. All that flow of reckless cheerio stuff about enthusiastic American aid—never a word about enthusiastic American opposition—has led the British public properly up the garden. The haywire illusion that Mr. Roosevelt has the power to declare war has been especially encouraged. The strength and bitterness of the forces opposed to him have never been mentioned, except by frank independent papers like the *Weekly Review*. Exaggerations of the volume of American current supplies—well, let's forget it. The boys are now unanimous in warning us all, quite rightly, against dozing off and thinking America will win the war for us; and about time, too.

Defence

LEAPING to defend our brethren and soulmates, as always, may we point out once more that the boys concerned are earnest Benthamites, crowned with rose-leaves (and sometimes vineleaves), believing that pleasure is the only goal of life, and sincerely doing all they can to make and keep us sunny?

Whether bleak Mr. Hewitt-Myring's corrective will have any permanent effect we don't know. It was certainly what Fleet Street calls a "bombshell," a missile unknown to the military authorities. We should personally call it a *fougasse*, which goes off, as you know, with a terrific roar and devastates anything it meets. Ring up Myra and ask her if it put Tiny off his drive.

Smoke

PIPE-SMOKERS are not as yet rallying with any marked enthusiasm round Sir Stephen Tallents, B.B.C., and his war-economy watercress-and-lavender experimental ersatz blends, which he admits are not "very palatable."

You may have noted that the best-selling booksy boys who have capitalised the large-sized briar so extensively—it shows the public they're bluff, manly, forthright, and honourable, a photographer explained to us—are hanging back rather ostentatiously. Maybe some of them, having sponsored various tobaccos for advertising purposes, are scared of the Tobacco Ring's



"But that was B.C., madam—
'before coupons'!"

bodyguards if they're caught backing the Tallents experiments. Or maybe, now booksy publicity has fallen off, they've dropped manipulating those pipes and taken to chewing, like Ibsen. Did you know Ibsen habitually chewed American plug? A French critic some time ago dug up the odious fact, which for us explains all Ibsen's drama, just as the fat, rich Havanas Trollope habitually chain-smoked while working explain the works of Trollope. Old Daddy Ibsen, chewing and spitting through his whiskers and thinking up yet duller and snuffier dramatic situations—no wonder his lilyhanded admirers (is Boss Agate in the house?) never mention it, the shy wild ducks.

Afterthought

NOBODY has yet (apropos the Tallents scheme) suggested dried tealeaves, on which most pipe-smokers begin at an intemperate age. Or horrible, lousy, fiery, leathery, yellow homegrown tobacco, such as chaps who grow it sometimes foist proudly on you. Or the nearly similar seats of old cane chairs, which Barrie's friend smoked, or said he did. Or Magaliesberg, the dark, dry, crumbly linen-bagged Boer tobacco you dislike at first but by degrees grow to esteem, and which South Africa ought to export a bit more. Whatever the Tallents herb laboratory ultimately digs up, the result could hardly perturb anybody who in the last war smoked Army ration tobacco, which tasted like the unwashed beards of very old damp enemies of God blended by epicene witches from Bloomsbury under a bloodshot moon (*la sangrienta luna*) on a wet February night outside a Liberal club in Manchester.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"The R.A.F. carried out an extensive sweep . . ."

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Blimey! When they scorched the earth you was standin'
a bit too close, wasn't yer?"

Week-Ending

Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale,
and Catherine



Catherine, the Hales' adopted daughter, is only six, but she already wants to dance like Jessie, who shows her a few steps to be going on with



Jessie is a charming hostess, and The Old House has a bar where she mixes a pre-lunch cocktail for Sonnie and a friend

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Sonnie looks over a new song for Jessie. The most imitated singer on the stage, she now retaliates by doing impersonations of other actresses imitating herself



Chess is a favourite pastime of the Hales, and Sonnie has his work cut out to hold his own against Jessie, who is a very good player, and takes her game seriously



Washing-up on Cook's day out is a delicate operation which demands Sonnie's undivided attention, while Jessie keeps an eye on him and dries the plates

Gardening is hard work but worth while nowadays. Digging is good for the figure and carrots for the complexion. Catherine and Jessie help to bring in the spoils

The Old House, Hampton, Middlesex, is the home of those two popular people, Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews. They spent their last week-end there with Catherine, their adopted daughter, before Jessie left for America, where she arrived safely ten days ago. She is to be leading lady in a new musical show on Broadway, produced by Georgie Hale (no relation). Sonnie is awaiting his call-up papers for the Army any day now. He tried to join the Royal Marines at the outbreak of war, but was twice refused owing to his eyesight, but has now been passed B.I. He has just finished a twelve-weeks series of broadcasts for the Forces and for War Weapons' Weeks, while Jessie has been a regular feature of the B.B.C. overseas programmes for the troops. Jessie hopes to take part in concerts for British War Relief while she is in America, and has taken a collection of bomb splinters and raid souvenirs found in her garden to auction for war charities at one of these



Letter-writing is a very necessary duty, especially after the release of a new picture, or a broadcast, when the fan-mail takes on enormous proportions. Jessie dictates to Sonnie at the typewriter



Two Bicycles and a Tricycle Take the Hale Family About



Miss Rosemary Rendel

Yvonne Gregory

Left: Miss Rosemary Rendel, who came out this year, works for the Catholic Women's League Hut for H.M. Forces in Westminster. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rendel. Her father was British Minister in Bulgaria till last spring, and last month was appointed Minister to the Yugoslav Government in London. His elder daughter, Anne, on leaving Sofia, went to Cairo to take up a war job



Bertram Par

Miss Gay Margesson

Miss Gay Margesson is the younger daughter of Captain David Margesson who succeeded Mr. Eden as Secretary for War last December. Miss Margesson and her elder sister have become directors of a private company, Upper Bedd Ltd., with offices at St. Giles.



Miss Diana Hambro



Miss Constance Rooke

The daughter of Captain and Mrs. Leonard F. Rooke, of Hooton House, Tilford, near Farnham, Surrey, hopes very soon to become a member of the M.T.S. She is a kinswoman of Admiral Sir George Rooke

At the age of twenty-eight, Miss Diana Hambro (left) occupies the important post of Senior Assistant Principal at the Ministry of Economic Warfare. A member of the banking family, she joined the Ministry in 1939, on leaving Cambridge, and now specialises in trade relations with Spain, Portugal, Iceland and Turkey. For a time she held a post with the International Student Service in Geneva, and is also an expert on oil

War Work Younger



Miss Jane Colles

Miss Colles is the only child of Commander Dudley Colles, and came Queen Charlotte Ball, the only festivity this year. She is very busy working Cross. Her father is Secretary of the



Miss Arbell Mackintosh

Harlip

The daughter of Lady Maud Baillie and the late Captain Angus Alexander Mackintosh, Miss Arabella (Arbell) Mackintosh is a niece of the Duke of Devonshire. She was photographed in the uniform of the British Red Cross, of which she is a member



Miss Mary Mackail

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Mary Mackail, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Mackail, has taken up forestry in the forest of Dean. Before the war she was studying at the Chelsea School of Art. Mr. Denis Mackail is the well-known author of "Greenery Street" and many other popular novels. He married the daughter of Sir Guy Granet

Lady Betty Bourke

Right: Lady Betty Bourke, besides being an amusing and popular personality, is a very energetic war-worker. She ran an A.R.P. canteen which provided meals for 1000 workers every night. She is a daughter of the eighth Earl of Mayo by his second marriage, and is half-sister to the present Earl

(Photo: Swabe)

rs of the
eneration

A voluntary A.R.P. worker is Miss Ann McMaster (below), who is nineteen years old. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Commander Humphrey McMaster, and of Mrs. Oliver Horlick, of Seymour Court, Marlow, once the home of Jane Seymour



Miss Ann McMaster

Bertram Park



ram Park

aymaster-
t at the
debutantes
the Red
y Purse

With Silent Friends

By Christopher St. John

Vie de Bohème

MR. CHARLES DOUGLAS has grouped his reminiscences of Montmartre and Montparnasse as they were in the first two decades of the twentieth century round the painter Modigliani, partly, he explains in the preface, to provide them with a "connecting thread of interest," partly because Modigliani was in many ways the most characteristic figure of his epoch. The result is that to read *Artist Quarter* (Faber; 18s.) is to read a biography of Modigliani, although Mr. Douglas does not claim to have written one. "The material I have been able to gather together is what an eighteenth-century writer would have described modestly as "'collections' for a life of Modi." Mr. Douglas, who lived in Montmartre for thirty years, knew "Modi" personally, but he devotes very little space to his own impressions of him. A self-effacing biographer, he has preferred to compile a pastiche of other people's impressions, some drawn from written records, others (in the majority) from the talk of habitués of the Quarter who were brought into contact with Modigliani. "It seems to me astonishing, and a tribute to Modigliani's personality, that he should have made so lasting an impression on those who knew him, and that so many intimate details about his life and loves should have remained clear-cut in their recollection."

It was a disorderly life, but this illuminating history of it proves, to the confusion of stern moralists, that such a life is not incompatible with great artistic achievement. Modigliani, who died at the age of thirty-six from starvation and tuberculosis, his magnificent constitution wrecked by drink, drugs and debauchery, left behind him hundreds of pictures and drawings of the first rank. But might not this legacy, rich as it was, have been richer still if he had restrained his wild excesses? ("We all drank in those days when we went on a bat," says Kisling, one of the Picasso gang, "but Modigliani had no restraint.")

This question is discussed by Mr. Douglas in one of his best chapters, *The Demon of Genius*. Everyone agrees, he tells us there, that Modigliani's powers as a painter developed rapidly from the time he changed his manner of life. When he first arrived in Montmartre it was quite respectable. He dressed and behaved like any ordinary "bourgeois" and drank nothing but his native Chianti, and that in moderation. His work at this period showed no remarkable originality. The poet and art-critic, André Salmon, said it was worth just exactly

rien du tout. He and others attribute the miraculous change that came over it to his taking to Bohemian ways. They led him to a hashish orgy chez Pigeard. "Modigliani," says one witness, "suddenly gave a yell, and, grabbing paper and pencil began to draw feverishly, shouting that he had found 'The Way.' When he had finished, he triumphantly produced a study of a woman's head, with the swan neck for which he became famous."

Mr. Douglas makes this comment on the story:

"Hashish may give inspiration, or, to be more exact, stimulate it. . . . But nothing will ever convince me that it can make up a deficiency of talent, or transform mediocrity into genius."

The truth would seem to be that the drug gave Modigliani confidence in powers he already possessed. He suddenly lost the inhibitions which had hampered him. His experience that night explains his belief that stimulants were necessary to him, if he was to do good work. So he was nearly always drunk—"illuminated," as Bohemians say, and the word can be taken literally when applied to Modigliani. Most of the stories of him in *Artist Quarter* begin: "One evening when he had drunk too much —"

Seldom, however, too much to be able to draw, as Salmon's story of the evening he met him at a party in Pascin's studio indicates: ". . . He appeared to me in all his physical and spiritual beauty in spite of the infamy of his continual intoxication. He was superb in his brown velvet suit, such as one can still buy in certain shops in the suburbs and markets. Under his arm he carried the classic sketch-album with a cardboard cover of light blue. The blending of the brown velvet and the shiny cardboard made a pictorial harmony. . . . He tore a leaf from his sketch-album, as one plucks a feather from a bird, and drew my portrait."

In a corner of the drawing, Modigliani scribbled a tercet from the Divine Comedy, "which he declaimed, furiously grinding his teeth as he wrote it down."

Although the story of "Modi" interested me more than anything else in *Artist Quarter* it has many other attractions. It gives a delightful account, as diverting as it is informative, of the days when Fréde presided over the Lapin Agile in Montmartre, which was to be cut out later by the Café de la Rotonde in Montparnasse. We meet all the

(Concluded on page 416)

The N.F.W.I. at Oxford



Lady Denman, chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, presided at a recent meeting of the Consultative Committee at Rhodes House, Oxford. With her is Mrs. Helen Carlton Smith, representing the Missouri Homemakers' Association, who replied to the resolution of thanks for sympathy and help from America to Women's Institutes here



Mrs. Dashwood and Lady Burke were two delegates to the N.F.W.I. Council meeting. Mrs. Dashwood is better known as E. M. Delafeld, the author. Her latest novel, "No-one Now Will Know," was reviewed in "The Tatler" two weeks ago



The Hon. Elsie Corbett, Lord Rowallan's sister, who is a J.P. for Oxfordshire, and Lady Trevelyan also attended the meeting, at which Institutes in every county of England and Wales were represented



Johnson, Oxford

Mrs. Hitchcock and Viscountess Bury are both members of the N.F.W.I. executive committee. Lady Bury, the Earl of Almarle's daughter-in-law, lives in Norfolk, and represented that county at the Council meeting

Leaders of Opinion

No. 2. The Editor of the "Evening Standard"

Frank Owen of the *Evening Standard* is thirty-six, a former Welsh Rugger international, a former M.P., a Beaverbrook discovery, and one of the most forceful journalists in Fleet Street. Sloth and complacency are his bugbears, and *Standard* leading articles have borne witness to this—especially since the war—in hard-hitting prose that sometimes touches eloquence. He was born in a public house on the Welsh border of Herefordshire in 1905. From Monmouth Grammar School he went with a scholarship to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he took first class honours in history. He played Rugger for the Newport Club and the London Welsh. In 1928 he became a reporter on the *South Wales Argus*. A year later he switched to politics as a member of Lloyd George's staff, and represented Hereford as a Liberal M.P. during the Labour Government of 1929-31. In 1931 he visited Russia, and on his return went back to journalism as a reporter on Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*. Seven years later, in 1938, he became Editor of the *Evening Standard*. Two years ago he married Grace Stewart, an American show-girl from Boston, and he and she live in a flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields



Across the editorial room at the "Standard" offices in Shoe Lane can be seen Frank Owen, the Editor, talking over his desk to Ian Coster, theatrical columnist. Next to Mr. Owen sits Leslie Randall, deputy news editor. Others in the photograph include A. Martin, sub-editor, A. L. Cranfield, managing editor, David Williams, chief sub-editor, Michael Foot, who writes many of the "Standard" leaders, and Jerome Willis

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Journalist's week-end—Frank Owen does a bit of quiet reading . . .

. . . But American Mrs. Owen tells him to snap out of it



Frank Owen, Editor of the "Evening Standard"

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

famous frequenters of these cafés, artists, models, poets, critics. At one time, Lenin, Trotsky, Lunacharsky, and other Russian revolutionaries in exile were clients of Papa Libion (a lovable character) at the Café de la Rotonde. "Those who remember seeing them there, describe them as a glum and taciturn bunch, engaged most of the time in interminable games of chess." What a contrast to the Picasso gang who sat at the end table! "Artists are very trying," Paulette G., who has lived among them since she was a child, remarked to Mr. Douglas when he was interviewing her about Modigliani's last days. "Capricious, tyrannical, and hopeless egoists." But what good company! I warmly recommend this fascinating book, a sort of literary variety entertainment, with Mr. Douglas as a wise and witty compère.

Humorous Rearmament

IF you like satire—am I wrong in thinking that it is caviar to the general?—Mr. Adrian Alington's new novel, *Sanity Island* (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.) is your cup of tea. You may find it all the more refreshing because this satirist does not ignore his obligation as a novelist to tell a story. And what a good story it is! If it were told "straight," it would earn high marks as an exciting narrative of an attempted revolution in one of those countries you can't find on the map, but can find in many novels of *The Prisoner of Zenda* type. This reminds me that Anthony Hope's hero, Rudolph Rassendyl, had red hair. So has Adrian Alington's hero, Mervyn Hobhouse. There the resemblance ends. Hope's public would not have liked a paunchy, bibulous hero, mercilessly mocking at "all the things we hold most sacred," conceiving an Utopia as a place where everyone is blessed with the Humorous Outlook, the comic vision.

"If some jumped-up dictator tried to beat them up into hatred, they would simply laugh. When he tried to impress them by dressing up in uniform, or riding about on a white horse, they would think how ridiculous he must look in bed or in his bath, or even at more intimate moments."

Mervyn Hobhouse was the British consul in Meridia, a country fortunate in having a geographical position of no strategic value whatever to any of the Great Powers. Fortunate also in an equable climate, and natural resources adequate to its needs. So it had been able to go about its own business, "preserving its neutrality in a crashing, lunatic world." (If you are able to see a church by daylight, you will see that the time is the Present.) Meridia has its troubles, however. Two rival factions, the Communists and the Strong Men (who, of course, wear shirts, not brown nor black, but purple), both desire for very different reasons to overthrow the harmless necessary constitutional monarchy with which the majority of Meridians are well content. Frinck, the leader of the Purple-shirts, makes a Pact with the Communists ("leads them up the garden

path," in fact) to speed up the process known as "seizing power." He would have seized it, for his plans were well laid, if Mervyn Hobhouse had not had that bright idea of "humorous rearmament." The would-be dictator is made to look ridiculous. The Meridians laugh at him. He is easily disposed of.

What was the aim of the Party Hobhouse led, with a scent millionaire's son and a clown as his chief henchmen? Briefly, to destroy Pomposity, and by Humour to re-incarnate "a world in which kindness and tolerance are the virtues principally admired." The first blow at Frinck's pomposity (would you believe it, the man reminds the reader of Schicklgrüber) is struck at a meeting of the Purple-shirts. "Frinck adored making speeches. He knew himself to be a great demagogue. . . . Very often he himself knew only most vaguely what he intended to say, but power came to him, and a torrent of words, hot-compelling savage words that shook and excited him so much that he fell into a kind of frenzy." It can be imagined how funny a speech like that would seem, if at every climax the orator belched. How should the Purple-shirts know that it was not their god, Hugo Frinck, belching, but a ventriloquist in the body of the hall?

How Frinck was finally defeated by derisive laughter you must read *Sanity Island* to find out. Is it propaganda for humorous rearmament in this country? We may be too complacently satisfied that there is no necessity for it. English people are very proud of their sense of humour, but it has its limitations. It certainly does not come up to Mervyn Hobhouse's standard.

Small Beer, but a Good Brand

MISS SYLVIA THOMPSON, in her new novel, *The Gulls Fly Inland* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) (a symbolic title the meaning of which is considerably explained in the "blurb"), lets her heroine, Blanche Lancret, tell her own story in the form of a journal kept in England during the first year of the war. (This war, not the war of 1914-18.) Miss Lancret, a Frenchwoman, summons up remembrance of things past, often substituting her native tongue for English. (You can learn a lot of French idiomatic expressions by reading her narrative.) Her memory of little details is almost as astonishing as Proust's. Describing a visit to Tante Julie in her *appartement* in the Rue Saint-Honoré, she writes:

"She often wore a dress of rich lace, moulded over pale pink satin that was fitted over her swelling and curving figure. Her auburn hair brooded in two lifted wings above her pink-powdered, debased-classic features. Her green Breton eyes looked down on my clothes, especially my shoes, with an appraising expression, guessing their price."

As a chronicler of small beer, Miss Lancret would be hard to beat. It has a cosmopolitan flavour, for she spent her schooldays in England, visited her father in Italy, and went to stay in Boston with the family of the young American with whom as a girl she fell in love. The vicissitudes of this love-affair are minutely described, including the misunderstanding which led to the young man's marriage to another woman. It was while I was reading about them that I began to doubt that Miss Sylvia Thompson has entirely succeeded in getting inside the

skin of a Frenchwoman. Miss Lancret writes about love in a surprisingly English way.

This is a book in which you can hardly see the wood for the trees. Your view of the major characters, the more important events, is constantly obstructed by a host of minor characters and trifling incidents. But as they are all well described, they keep you interested. Some of Miss Thompson's descriptions may strike you as over-elaborate, over-fanciful. "Scant this excess before I surfeit," came into my head when I read this description of Anatole Lancret in the garden of his Italian villa.

"When I arrived at the villa, I found my father feeding his white pigeons by the sundial. He was wearing his same straw hat, whose crown is onion-shaped like the dome of Santa Sofia, and whose brim is so wide that at mid-day my father moves about within a pillar of shadow—and it seemed to me that if he had changed at all it was only in the way that stone or marble changes, by the gradual bleaching in one place, and discoloration in another. Thus his beard was whiter, his white linen trousers more greyish than when I had left him, and his hand, moving in that gesture of enchanting antiquity, to scatter seed, seemed of a browner parchment—perhaps in comparison to the gold white of the pigeons that were making their greedy little obeisances about his sandalled feet."

Miss Thompson has a great talent for word-painting. But I think it is not unfair to say that she belongs to the "every-hair-on-the-dog" school.



Artist Turned Author

The first book about Britain's internment camps has just been written by a German artist, Alfred Lomnitz. During the "round-up" of aliens in June, 1940, he was sent to Huyton, near Liverpool, and his book, *"Never Mind, Mr. Lom"* (just published by Macmillans), tells, vividly, humorously, philosophically, the story of his arrest, internment and release three months later. Above, "Mr. Lom," who has lived and worked in England for eight years, is painting his cottage next door to the churchyard at Aston Rowant, in Oxfordshire

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Sholto Douglas—Marshall



Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller

Beatrice Carol Loeb, of Warren's Acre, Nutley, Sussex, was married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, last month, to Major Edward-Christie-Miller, of 71, Park Street, W.1



Wellings—Villiers-Stuart

Sec.-Lieut. Sholto Douglas, K.O.S.B., of the Argentine, and Christian Marshall were married at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. She is one of the four daughters of Major-General and Mrs. F. J. Marshall, of Hilton House, Inverness. Her father is Public Relations Officer for Inverness; Nairn, and Ross and Cromarty



Flying Officer Donald Maitland Wellings, D.F.C., R.A.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Wellings, of Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, and Stella Villiers-Stuart, younger daughter of Colonel J. P. Villiers-Stuart, of Upper Ostaig, Skye, and the late Mrs. P. M. Villiers-Stuart, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Alix Bromhead and Sec.-Lt. Weiner

Sec.-Lieut. D. P. Weiner, R.A., is the son of the late Joseph Weiner, and Mrs. Weiner, of Hill Crest, Camberley, Surrey. Alix Gabrielle Bromhead, to whom he is engaged, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Bromhead, of Snow's Ride, Windlesham, Surrey, and 9, Cavendish Avenue, St. John's Wood, N.W.



Kyle—Wilkinson

Group-Captain Wallace H. Kyle, D.F.C., R.A.F., and Molly Rimington Wilkinson, Section Officer, W.A.A.F., only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. G. Wilkinson, of the Malt House, Yattendon, Berks., were married at Yattendon Church. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Kyle, of Perth, Australia



Beatrice Catherine Sievwright

Beatrice Catherine Sievwright, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sievwright, of Benmore, St. Andrews, Fife, is being married to-morrow (September 18th) in Edinburgh, to Captain John Wilnot Madden, R.A., younger son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, Bt., and Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, Sussex



Webber—Mills

A Canadian wedding was that of Lieut. Reginald A. Webber, R.C.N., H.M.C.S., Royal Roads, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. S. Webber, of Ottawa, and Joan Margaret Mills, daughter of Ftl.-Lt. George A. Mills, R.C.A.F., C.O., Coal Harbour, V.I., and Mrs. Mills, of Queenswood, Victoria, who were married at St. John's, Colwood

(Concluded on page 420)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Clausewitch Amongst Trainers

THE great specialist in the art and science of war epitomised the whole theory of strategy when he said that you must strike at the decisive spot at the decisive moment—if you can arrange it! Obviously Clausewitch has a very eminent disciple in Captain Boyd-Rochfort. To have done as he did with Sun Castle, the Leger winner, is a master-stroke. He has brought this colt on anything from a stone upwards since the Derby, and to have done so with so generously built a one under conditions which we all know have been very difficult is a real bit of conjuring, also a grand piece of timing.

Sun Castle only got home by half a length in the St. Simon Stakes on August 29th: he won the Leger by a head. Even after the St. Simon Stakes, which, to put it no higher, was slow-run, not everyone believed in him as a Leger possible, and even one of his numerous Newmarket supporters deserted him on the day of the race and tipped Royalist.

Sun Castle was quoted at 8 to 1 on September 2nd, 9 to 1 on the day of the race, and his S.P. was 10 to 1, and it cannot be said that these prices incorrectly represented his chance strictly on the book. The good general directing operations knew otherwise, and he struck, as has been remarked, at the decisive spot at the decisive moment.

Another Good Bit of Timing

THE Hon. George Lambton shares the training honours in the Leger with Captain Boyd-Rochfort for his skilful management of Chateau Larose, the runner-up, who started favourite at 11 to 2, one point

shorter than the deposed Owen Tudor, whose performance here and in the St. Simon Stakes was not a little puzzling. Mr. Lambton displayed himself as a good artist by abstaining from that last niggling touch which has spoilt many a good picture. He kept Chateau Larose at home when the St. Simon Stakes were run, having found out all that he wanted to know in the Andover Plate (1 mile 5 fur.) at Newbury almost exactly a month before the Leger. He knew then that, but for arriving late on the scene, Chateau Larose, who was a close fourth, must have beaten the winner, Mazarin, a very good key horse; so sensibly he sat pat and did not seek any endorsement. So many otherwise sage people have refused to believe their own eyes and have tried to make assurance doubly sure, with quite frequently disastrous results. There is nothing much more tiresome than being asked the same question twice over.

There is not much more to say, but, obviously, any review of the Leger would be incomplete which omitted a mention of Dancing Time, who was damned into small heaps after the Oaks, in which, as the winner of the One Thousand, she was made an odds-on favourite and ran third after swerving badly when asked for a final effort. She was going faster at the finish of the Leger than either of the two in front of her and was beaten a length (3 lb.) for second place. Something wrong somewhere!

As to Mazarin, and more particularly as to Owen Tudor, the former hero of many recent battles, the latter by no means overdone, there is no other explanation to suggest than that, as in the St. Simon Stakes, so in the Leger the pace did not



Johnson, Oxford

Air-Raid Fund Dog Racing

Lady Blanche Douglas (right) won the Kennel Sweepstake with her Belle Dame at the meeting at Oxford Greyhound Stadium in aid of the Mayor of Oxford's National Air Raid Distress Fund. Mrs. C. J. V. Bellamy, Mayoress of Oxford, presented the trophy to the winner's owner

suit them. Both these races were slow-run, but that was no fault of the trainers.

"The Horse" in Action Again

THE TIMES' Stockholm correspondent: "It was certain sooner or later Marshal Budyonny, whose passion is horses, would somehow revert to his old favourite as an auxiliary to the more modern arms, and the latest information mentions guerilla horsemen as interfering with the German communications, and otherwise making the invader's life uneasy. Cossacks make surprise swoops here and there, and then disappear across country, where their mechanised opponents are unable to follow. These primitive methods are likely to make the German occupation very difficult, for they do not allow small units to stray far from the main forces, which have to adhere mainly to the roads; and the roads are not easy to use in the Ukrainian countryside in autumn, with very few exceptions. It is believed that the Germans will be forced to bring up Hungarian and other cavalry as the only effective method of combating Marshal Budyonny's guerilla Cossacks."

Russia's "Brigadier Gerard" is showing what the Obsolete Arm can do when handled by an expert. When four wheels begin to go slow, four legs come into their own. The Russian cavalry is playing the cat and banjo with the enemy's communications.

Eton Batting

WHILST Harrow is playing a captain's innings, and Winchester, after winning brilliantly on a dusty wicket and losing the return match, is waiting to go in again in the next match, I think that we must congratulate a distinguished Etonian upon having sent a loose one for six and emerged carrying his bat. If and when the film of the late Lord Kitchener's military life and exploits is done, I have been given to understand that Lord Vansittart will be invited to collaborate with Sir George Arthur, another Etonian, in the building up of what will be a very great and dramatic story. It would be a unique combination, for Sir George Arthur was as intimately concerned in the public life of Lord Kitchener as was Lord Vansittart with that of the late Lord



The Season Ends at Lord's

Sir Pelham Warner, Mr. Stanley Christopherson, President of the M.C.C., General Sir Ronald Adam and General Roger Evans were four of the 10,000 people who watched the last match of the season at Lord's. A draw between a Lord's XI and the Army was the result of some fine cricket, which included a century by D. Compton for the Army side



A Comforts Fund Gymkhana

A Croome Pony Club gymkhana was held at Upton-on-Severn in aid of the Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire's Welfare and Comforts Fund. Mrs. J. F. S. Winnington, district commissioner of the Pony Club, was the organiser, Mr. F. H. Unwin was one of the judges, and Mrs. A. Creese added to the Fund's takings by collecting from the spectators, driving round in a jingle with an attractive skewbald pony



A Farming Demonstration at Hatfield

Lord Wolmer, Mr. Jack Olding and Lord Sempill were spectators of a mechanised farming demonstration held on one of Lord Salisbury's farms at Hatfield, Herts. This was in connection with the 1000-mile tour of England's farming country being made by Mr. James Wentworth Day, under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture, the National Farmers' Union, and the Central Landowners' Association, with the object of publicising and expounding modern farming methods

Curzon, who would naturally be one of the leading figures in any story which concerned Lord Kitchener.

Perhaps, however, this story, one which most certainly should be done, may be shelved in favour of that of another great Captain, or perhaps two great Captains, who have put the brake upon the German dream of *Ein Drang Nach Osten*.

Film Recording

AND touching the making of celluloid records of great deeds and the great success of that wonderful M.o.I. film *Target for To-night*, one hears many rumours of the intentions of other people to follow suit. For instance, it has been publicly stated that a famous film corporation is to make a naval documentary which will embody the Battle of Matapan, and the pursuit and destruction of the German battleship Bismarck, and one also hears that a well-known dramatist is anxious to put on record the naval action in the Eastern Mediterranean in which our destroyers and cruisers suffered heavily from aerial attack in the narrow seas and without adequate aerial means to hit back.

Pictures of this description would, of course, be of much national value and interest if they could be made in the conditions which at present prevail. It would not be at all easy, owing to the pre-occupations of so many who would be wanted for the leading parts. Also the Navy is so very conservative and might not welcome any advertisement of any exploits, however brilliant. In the national interest, however, perhaps any such scruples might be overcome. It is quite possible that much material is ready to hand, such as, for instance, the final attack on the

Bismarck. Matapan, incidentally, was fought at night.

Hay and Corn

NEWS from a hunting friend in the West Country tells me that the hay crop in that part of the country has not been too bad, though the rain came a bit too late to help it. Grass keep and hay, so he says, are fetching preposterous prices and are scarce at that: £7 or £8 a ton for hay and the same for any ordinary grass keep. Corn of all sorts is doing very well. More ploughing, so he tells me, is still the order and he adds, "I don't quite know where it is all coming from, as many men have already ploughed all they can. These ploughing orders are

very uneven in their effect and have hit many farmers very hard. Many small dairy farmers simply cannot do it, as they have neither the skill nor the tools for arable work, which is quite a different business. Many of the Agricultural Committees have issued harsh and ridiculous orders. I should fancy farmers generally would be cured of any hankering after State ownership of agricultural land by now.

"The fruit crop, I fear, has been a failure round here; at least, I have not a plum on the place where I must have picked a ton last year; apples not much better, no strawberries or pears; gooseberries short, red currants fair, but in view of the sugar difficulty, perhaps it does not matter much."



Officers of a Field Regt., Royal Artillery

Front row: Captains K. J. McIntyre, M. F. Sedgewick, J. S. Compton, A. J. Gordon, Majors F. G. Thompson, J. A. L. Schreiber, the Commanding Officer and a Brigadier, Majors J. B. Hollway, M.C., J. G. H. Ward-Jackson, Captains D. M. Brooke, M.C., H. Kells, E. K. Monro

Middle row: Sec.-Lieut. T. J. Palmer, Captain R. S. McGeorge, R.A.M.C., Sec.-Lieuts. D. Cooper, G. I. D. Morton, J. A. Brymer, Lieut. J. M. Wright, Sec.-Lieuts. K. F. Weaving, S. G. Baker, Lieut. E. T. Collings, Sec.-Lieut. J. P. Q. Rowett, Lieuts. R. Thomas, A. J. Kevill, Sec.-Lieuts. H. B. W. Mataissen, D. P. Whitehorn, R.S.M. W. H. England

Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. K. D. Evans, J. A. Hunter, Lieut. V. E. Bailey, Royal Corps of Signals, Sec.-Lieuts. R. J. Hampson, A. W. Mackintosh, M. J. C. Tate, Lieut. H. L. M. Household, Sec.-Lieuts. L. L. Cobley, C. F. K. Goldthorpe, K. P. Gower, T. D. C. Randall, C. Atkinson, Lieut. J. D. Colverwell, Sec.-Lieuts. M. E. Roose, A. Reed, Lieut. C. E. Canlan

Getting Married (Continued)



Robertson — M'Creath

Lieut. J. MacGregor Robertson, R.N.V.R., second son of the late John Robertson, and Mrs. Robertson, of Tighnamara, Wemyss Bay, was married at Park Church, Glasgow, to Ethelette M'Creath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.T. M'Creath, lately of Rangoon, Burma, and Altamont, Dunure Road, Ayr



Hellings — Bassett

Captain Peter W. C. Hellings, D.S.C., Royal Marines, and Zoya Bassett were married at St. Cross, Oxford. He is the only son of the late S. Hellings, and Mrs. Hellings. She is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Bassett, of the School of Geography, Oxford



Rathborne — Watson

Paymaster-Lieut. Francis John Hans Rathborne, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. F.H.B. Rathborne, of Hill Head, Hants., and Margaret Rose Watson, Second Officer, W.R.N.S., youngest daughter of the late T. B. Watson, and Mrs. Watson, of 29, Orchardhead Road, Liberton, Edinburgh, were married at St. John's, Edinburgh



Winslow — George

Frederick Blaney Winslow, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Winslow, of Minnamurra, Enniskillen, and Brigid Frances Maud George, second daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. Westropp George, of Sessiagh Lodge, Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, were married at St. John's, Ballymore



Black-Hawkins — Crichton Miller

Clive David Black-Hawkins, Military Intelligence, son of the late Captain C. C. R. Black-Hawkins, and Mrs. Black-Hawkins, of 24, North End House, W.14, and Ruth Eleanor Crichton-Miller, W.A.A.F. third daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Crichton-Miller, of 6, Devonshire Place, W.1, and Harrow-on-the-Hill, were married at Harrow-on-the-Hill



Johnson, Oxford

Percival — Hawkins

Dr. Robert Hugh Percival, of the Middlesex Hospital, and an Oxford cross-country Blue, and Jeanne Mary Hawkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hawkins, of 165, Bolley Road, Oxford, were married at St. Frideswide's, Oxford. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Franklin J. Percival, of New Malden, Surrey



Marsh — Bodenham

Sec.-Lieut. Kenneth Dickson Marsh, R.A., second son of the late R. H. Marsh, and Mrs. Marsh, of Muirfields, Weybridge, Surrey, and Mary Susanne Bodenham, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bodenham, of Laurel Dene, Weybridge, were married at St. Charles's R.C. Church, Weybridge



Smith — Gumbleton

Lieut. Bertram Reginald Smith, R.A., son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. B. G. Smith, of Lavendon, Bucks., and Shelagh Elaine Gumbleton, younger daughter of the late W. H. Gumbleton, and Mrs. Gumbleton, of Auckland, New Zealand, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Absalom — King

Ralph Rowland Absalom, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Absalom, of Oxhey Grange, Oxhey, Herls., and Elizabeth King, daughter of Charles W. King, of 75, Albion Gate, W.2, and the late Mrs. King, were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent

An Announcement by
Marshall & Snelgrove

QUALITY is the basis of ENDURING STYLE

A good fur coat is the wisest use of your
coupons and your money. Marshall and
Snelgrove's have a splendid collection
of models of the highest quality



DYED ERMINE COATS in many
beautiful styles and colourings from 110 Gns.

The model pictured is priced at 295 gns.

BRONZE ALASKA SEAL COATS in
the newest styles from 69 Gns.

The model pictured is priced at 250 gns.

An original model well marked
OCELOT trimmed with Nutria 250 Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street,
LONDON, W.1

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

No Flies on "Time"

I AM a lifelong admirer of the American Press. Even when some vast chain of syndicated newspapers splenetically "splashed" some injudicious remark of mine about American aid and completely ignored my frantic appeals for an opportunity to answer back, I still admired the American Press.

And in nothing do I admire it more than in its aggressive irreverence. "Irreverence," said Mark Twain, "is the champion of liberty and its only sure defence." He was right, and the American newspapers are right to cultivate irreverence.

The result of their attitude is that newspaper correspondents have frequent personal interviews with all the men who matter up to the President, while we hang-dog, hat-in-hand, grovelling, cringing, Heepishly 'umble British newspaper men are awed by office and dare not approach it too closely.

Why, I only remember the air correspondents of the British Press getting one interview with Sir Archibald Sinclair since he has been Secretary of State for Air. They were summoned to the Air Ministry, and at the appointed hour, having been preceded by numerous aides, ushers and hushers, amidst respectful silence, the Minister swep' in, gargled eloquently from between the jaws of a Gladstonian collar, and swep' out again.

One can imagine the kind of scathing comments such treatment would have evoked

from American newspaper men. But we took it lying down—or rather, we rushed to do as we were bidden and to boost whatever it was that the Air Ministry wanted boosted at that particular moment.

Now as a consequence of my admiration for the American Press I am an assiduous reader of many American journals, especially their aeronautical journals (*Aero Digest* is a model of what such things should be), but also of their other papers. And I was delighted to see in *Time* a few weeks ago a sort of biographical sketch of Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff.

Hurrier and Worrier

NOT long ago I did a brief biography of Sir Charles for an English paper, and I searched for details of his career and so on and tried to collect all the interesting information I could. Yet now comes *Time* to show how it really should be done.

It is, of course, irreverent—far more irreverent than I should ever have dared to be. But it certainly looks as if it were done by somebody who had been a great deal closer to Sir Charles than the Public Relations Directorate would ever have allowed a British journalist to come.

I cannot resist quoting some of the facts. It seems that the Humber used by Sir Charles is black; that the C.A.S. runs upstairs to his "big, high-ceilinged office on the second floor" when he arrives, and that there he "rushes all day—reading

reports at his neat walnut desk, drafting concise memos for the War Cabinet, gulping down a chop and an apple for lunch, talking with aides and prodding them with his pipe-stem, 'phoning, planning, dining at one of his clubs, scurrying back to his office and driving himself until small hours. Peter Portal is a worrier and a hurrier."

And so it goes on, a judicious and—to me, at any rate—fascinating mixture of general and private and personal facts. In my opinion that is a fine piece of journalism, and I think it gives one a far better picture of the real man than my laboured and reverent statement from the official hand-outs and reference works.

The Mot Just

I LIKE many other things about the American way of reporting. One smiles, but also gets a good picture—whether right or wrong—of Sir Richard Peirse when he is described as a "big, port-complexioned Briton." Then they get the right turn of phrase for aircraft and air activities.

We have heard of treading on the gas, opening the tap and turning up the wick; but my first introduction to a new phrase for this action came when I read of the pilot of the huge new B-19 Douglas bomber "giving her the coal" to take off.

Then I have already pleaded that we in this country give up the clumsy term, "bomb aimer," and use the perfectly correct and ready-made term, "bombardier." The Americans I now find are doing so and have been for some time.

Aviation has not been prolific in really apt terms this war, though the Royal Air Force has done some good work in this direction. I still think the best was one I heard more than a year ago from an R.A.F. pilot who described his baling-out from his aircraft as "leaving the building." That, also, is a typical English piece of phrase-making, for it takes the form of a meiosis and so can be grouped with such terms as "not 'alf" and "I don't think."

Aircraft Silhouettes

THERE seems to be some ground for asking that the Air Ministry policy about releasing silhouettes of new types of aircraft in service with the Royal Air Force should be reviewed. The general public is asked to play a definite part if there is an invasion attempt and the public is anxious to do so.

But it cannot play a useful part unless it has full information on how to act. That information, in my submission, is incomplete unless there is full disclosure of the silhouettes and pictures of the external appearance of all aircraft standardised for service in the R.A.F.

Nor can I see any valid reason for withholding information about the appearance of all aircraft that are actually in service in the Royal Air Force squadrons. After all, there is no attempt to keep these things really secret, and any fire guard can obtain readily enough the silhouette charts of these machines.

It looks rather as if there is still some idea in official quarters that this is a private war into which the public will not be admitted. But if the public are to play the part they want to play in defeating the enemy if he tries an invasion they must be fully informed beforehand.

This is a public war, and most of the information about our own and enemy aircraft should be publicised as much as possible. That is the logical method of preparing the public to play its part.



D. R. Stuart

Officers and Officer Cadets of all Nations at an R.A.F. Station

Front row: P.O.s Gurbachen Singh, D. Rowcliffe, L.A.C. N. R. A. Walters, P.O.s T. K. Charles-Jones, Tarlochan Singh, D. Higson, K. H. Bayley, L.A.C. J. F. Kelham, P.O. N. S. Pujji

2nd row: L.A.C. G. Wooller, P.O. M. K. Khanna, L.A.C. M. Guest, R. S. Game, J. Flynn, J. A. B. Day, H. Bennett, Cpl. D. F. Randell, L.A.C. J. G. Parker

3rd row: L.A.C.s A. Glossop, V. Lysicky, E. G. Knight, R. L. Gallacher, Cpl. R. A. Cooper, L.A.C.s G. Chaloupka, R. G. Allen, Sgt. H. A. Hounan, L.A.C. T. H. D. Drinkwater

Back row: P.O.s M. C. B. Anderson, S. Bowes, L.A.C.s E. Netopil, G. W. G. Buckland

Mens clothes by

Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

Notably new and attractive is the dress on the right. Koupy has designed and carried it out in Courtauld's tested quality crepe rayon, a material which drapes beautifully and wears well. This model is ideal for wearing in the house and at informal functions. Another point in its favour is that it will not become crushed when worn under a fur or other coat. The pleats and tucks are arranged to emphasise good lines of the figure; a simulated belt completes the scheme



Travella is the name of the coat above. This signifies that in it are embodied all the features that are necessary for a perfect garment in wartime. It is made of a soft woollen material trimmed with phantom beaver coney. Should it be preferred, fur fabric may take the place of the fur: it is available in many colours and may be obtained in the Coat Department, ground floor, from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and other shops of prestige throughout Great Britain. Of course, the Travella collection is very large; details may be obtained on application



Glenny, 64, Grosvenor Street, have chosen checked and plain for this decidedly smart suit. It is carried out in a new "teamed" Harris tweed: the basis of the colour scheme is pale grey, mulberry, and grey being present in the check. It is specially light and suitable for town suits. There is, of course, the heavier Harris which is primarily destined for country suits. This firm is making a feature of suits with cardigan coats as well as little woollen dresses which have been wittily styled, "relaxation"



"EUGÈNE: OBVIOUSLY!"



Stanley

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

A BISHOP had three sons in the Services. Two were army chaplains, the third was a naval officer. All spent their first leave at home.

The bishop was standing in front of the dining-room fire when the first chaplain son came down and took his place by his father's side.

"Did you have a good night?" asked the bishop.

"Yes," replied the son. "I dreamt I was in heaven. It was just like home, so very peaceful."

The second chaplain son then came into the room and took up his position with the others in front of the fire. He also told his father that he had dreamt that he was in heaven, and that it reminded him of home.

Then the sailor son burst into the room.

"Well, my boy," said his father, "did you sleep well?"

"No, dad," the son replied. "I had a beastly dream. I dreamt I was in hades and, do you know, it reminded me of home. You couldn't see the fire for parsons."

IT had been a lively evening on the occasion of the club dinner, and a day or two later two members met and exchanged reminiscences.

"What did your wife say when you got home at that time?" asked one.

"She never said anything," replied the second, "but I was going to have my two front teeth out, anyway."

THE usual time for his return from the office had long passed, when at last the henpecked husband stole into the house.

"Henry," said his wife, a large and forbidding-looking woman, "what do you mean by being two hours late?"

"But, dear, I've been run over," he protested from the hall.

"Well, what of it?" she demanded coldly. "It doesn't take two hours to get run over!"

A TOBACCO warehouse in a Scottish town caught fire. There was a large crowd of inhalers.

THE woman entered the bank. She had some bills and cheques to deposit, so she procured a deposit slip which required the listing of bills, specie and cheques.

She listed her bills and cheques in their respective places, but was in doubt what to list under specie.

After a few moments thought she wrote after the word specie "Female" and handed in her deposit.

A GREEK scholar, visiting a woman's college in the far western states, was asked whether he would do the institution the compliment of translating their college motto into Greek. He agreed, and asked what the motto was.

It was placed before him, and he read the words: "Pep without purpose is piffle."

HERE is a story from America:

They're telling of a young man who was in the habit of taking a certain girl for a ride in his car every night. He always took her ten miles out in the country and then stalled the car intentionally.

But the girl always resisted his advances. And the chap, in a rage, always chased the girl from the car and made her walk back the ten miles to her home.

This went on for several months. A few nights ago they started out in the car, and, as usual, headed for the country. About five miles out the girl turned to her boy friend.

"I'm a little tired tonight," she complained. "Do you mind if I walk home from here?"

A FEW days after the last Budget, when the chief had had time to recover from it, he called his staff together and explained that there would be further reductions in wages.

"It affects us all equally, and means that we shall all have to tighten our belts," he ended. He looked at the faces near him, and then noticed that one of the junior clerks didn't seem to be listening. "Do you understand what I'm saying, Jones?"

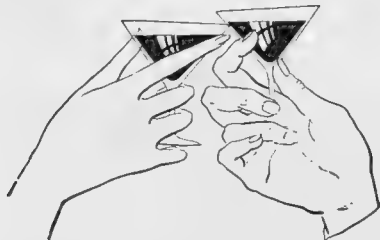
"Yes, sir," replied Jones, mournfully, "but it's no good telling me that. My belt broke at the Budget before last."

HE was extremely conceited and boring at that. "It's a fact," he boasted to a girl, "that people often take me for a member of the Guards."

"Really?" drawled the girl. "Fire—shin—railway—mud—or black?"

"**I**F," said the teacher, "you have two shilling and sixpence in your left pocket and four shillings in your right pocket, what would you have?"

"Somebody else's trousers on," replied the bright lad.



VOTRIX VERMOUTH is British
and it is equal to the best imported
Vermouth...it is made in the same
way...and it costs quite a lot less!



PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD • KINGSTON • SURREY



The loss of the facial contour as shown in this photograph means a tragedy to many women

LIVING CANVAS

A Romance
of Facial Appearance
by **ELISABETH MARGETSON**
Price 3/6 (Methuen)

A well known Fleet Street journalist reveals her experience in that field of modern marvels—"A good facial appearance by the latest scientific method" as practised in London by a Swiss Specialist for the last 35 years and who wrote the preface to this book. He has treated over 10,000 cases, amongst them the best known Film Stars, Actresses, Artists, Princes, Rulers, prominent social and business leaders. The book is dedicated to the men and women whose happiness and success depend upon their personal appearance.

The book can be ordered through any Bookshop, or will be sent direct from 26, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, London, N.W.3. Phone: Prim. 3600

LANSDOWNE RESTAURANT

LANSDOWNE ROW, W.1

DINNER : SUPPER : DANCING
to Tim Clayton and his orchestra

Open for Luncheon

Mayfair 1657

Air Conditioned

HOW TO BE CLEVER WITH COUPONS



To-day, quality has re-assumed its old and true importance. We put it first in order to ensure that what we buy shall serve us long and well.

That is why one of the cleverest ways to make the most of your coupons is to use them for Kayser 7-size Underwear.

Kayser have been making quality Underwear for over 35 years. So you can be sure that, in these days, its quality is being even more jealously safeguarded than ever.



Insist on seeing this label on every Kayser garment you buy

PRINCESS SLIPS

	Bust	
K.7 Rayon Satin	32", 34", 36" . . .	8/11
	38", 40" . . .	9/11
K.C.7 Rayon Crêpe	42", 44" . . .	11/6

FRENCH KNICKERS

	Waist	
F.K.4 Rayon Satin	25", 27", 30", 33"	5/9
F.K.C.4 Rayon Crêpe	- - - - -	5/9

Shades: Nectarine, Ivory, Azure, Black

THESE PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO THE ADDITION OF PURCHASE TAX

KAYSER

7-size tailored underwear

The perfect stockings to wear with your Kayser Underwear are, of course, Kayser-Bondor. Fully fashioned in the newest shades. Ask to see them at your draper's.

LONDON • BALDOCK, HERTS • BIGGLESWADE, BEDS • DOWLAIS, GLAM

Quality

in

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

(Third Floor)



Little girl's frock of washable velveteen, in blue or cherry, hand-smocked to tone. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24, 26 & 28 in.

Size 18 in. **53/6**

Rising 3'- each size



This smart little frock in good quality navy wool bouclé has a detachable light blue linen collar with heavy embroidery. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24 & 26 in. Size 18 in. **39/6**

Rising 2'- each size.



Useful frock of good quality washable velveteen, in a soft shade of blue, with ivory crêpe collar. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34 & 33/36 in. Size 28 in. **59/6**

Rising 4'- each size.

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

MIDDLESEX golfers, and plenty of others outside the Home Counties, too, will be really delighted to know that Miss Joan Stocker is engaged to be married. Mr. H. L. Lawrence, of Sheringham, is the lucky fellow, and whether the wedding is this year or next, and wherever their home may be, the good wishes and the congratulations of a big body of friends will assuredly go with them.

As a captain of Middlesex, Miss Stocker always brought real hard work and thought to the business, weighing up pros and cons, attending second as well as first team matches, and, in short, putting the side first and herself nowhere. That was what she did outside the golf world in a peace time one (has been doing in her wartime job with a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen), a job that, coupled with various other impediments, gave her little chance to live in the heights which she touched in the English Championship of 1922. Those heights were compounded not only of reaching the final at Hunstanton, but having arrived there, of taking Joyce Wethered further than anybody else ever did in the event, except only Miss Cecil Leitch.

True, this furthest was only the 12th green in the afternoon round, but the previous year the great lady had no further to go than the 7th after lunch, and in the two succeeding ones, to the 11th. Such was it to meet her at her best. There was an inevitability about the affair, apt to damp conversation at lunch time, and the few remaining competitors might be seen flinging baggage into their cars in the sure knowledge that they would be able to see it out and yet be back in time to dine and do a show in London that evening.

It is—or isn't it?—curious to find that whereas Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Wethered and Miss Enid Wilson all scored double figure wins in the English Championship final over 36 holes, nobody has ever been more drastic than 9 and 7 in the Open. That was when

Miss Wethered beat Miss Leitch, who had a damaged arm, by that amount at Princes, Sandwich, in 1922, the next biggest margins being Miss Leitch's own 8 and 7 from Mrs. Garon at Harlech four years later, and Miss Muriel Dodd's (otherwise, Mrs. Alan Macbeth) 8 and 6 from Miss Chubb at Lytham and St. Annie's in 1913.

No line of argument can be followed about sterner stuff coming through the Open just because it was an open one since, if you look down the list of runners-up, England has supplied them seventeen times, Scotland twice, and U.S.A. twice—that last being those electrifying finals of '29 and '30 when Miss Wethered and Miss Fishwick, respectively, kept the flag flying after everybody else had failed.

Mention of Miss Chubb does bring out the interesting fact that Mrs. Latham Hall, as she has been these many years now, is in Washington with her son. Plenty of English golfers look forward to seeing them on this side of the Atlantic again some day, perhaps figuring in a mother and son tournament, as they did in 1938 at Burhill.

How like life in another world all that feels now!

GOLF at the moment only seems to have two objects for justification: the raising of funds, and the recreation of tired folk, of fighting and other forces. For instance, the Reading Club at Emmer Green the other day went to it with such good success, thanks to the energy of their two captains and their professional, that the Red Cross were the richer by £43 11s. Miss Smith, Mr. Darnley and Mr. Burrows are, therefore, as much to be congratulated as Dr. and Mrs. Gillespie, and Miss B. Keene and Mr. P. Pierson who were first and second in the Handicap Foursomes. That is the one object.

For the other, news has reached us from a usually well-informed source that the other day a team of daily war workers worked all the faster in consequence of a match against a hospitable club not too far from Charing Cross to be visited on their weekly half day. The visitors won; they spoke with delight of the kindness and hospitality of their hostesses, the excellence of the greens considering wartime shortage of labour, and the extraordinary pleasure it was to hit the ball again, even intermittently. The roses which had once been a very noticeable feature in front of the club-house had been

replaced by potatoes, but if that speciality has temporarily vanished, not so the reputation for teas which used almost to take the sting out of even a county defeat. In bated breath the players said: "Such a tea! We couldn't think how they did it. There was marmalade!"

SPACE has gone. I had meant to write not a little about golfers and the call for women in the war effort, but that must wait. If anybody feels the cap is going to fit uncomfortably, let them be warned now not to read THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER of a fortnight hence, that is to say of September 23. So many do so much, but there must be some few who do so little. One does not like to imagine what their position in the golfing world will be after the war.

"Tatler and Bystander" Monthly Golf Competition

In accordance with the present wartime arrangement to award spoons in both L.G.U. handicap division when sufficient cards are received, one spoon is awarded this month in the silver division. This is won by Mrs. Bentley, who sent in a return of 90-18-72, one above the scratch score at West Bradford.

In the bronze division insufficient cards were received for any spoon to be given. Amongst the bronze entries was a return from Mrs. Griffiths, from Nakuru, Kenya—just to show that Britannia does still rule the waves.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor, THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
SEPTEMBER

Name { Mrs.
Miss

Address

KIA-ORA

"Good Health!"

★

More people are asking for Kia-Oran. We apologise for a shortage which we, too, regret.

★

Lemon · Orange
Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial
2/6

Orange Barley
Lemon Barley
2/3

Unsweetened Lemon,
Orange, Grapefruit
in half bottles
1/9

UNIFORMS *par Excellence!*



HORNE BROTHERS LIMITED

Excellence of style, quality of material — of workmanship; competent and personal service by Certificated Master Military Tailors . . . these are some of the characteristics that have made Horne Bros. the obvious choice for outfitting for all three services.

To obtain your kit within the allowance—write for Price List, and address of our nearest branch.

415-417, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. (Opposite Selfridges)
Branches throughout London and Provinces



as pretty
as a
picture

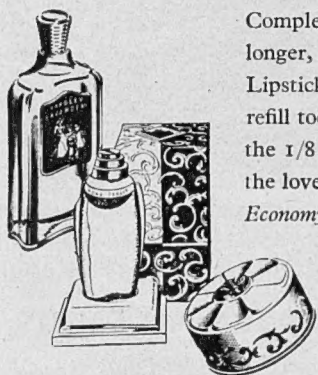
. . . and who wouldn't be in this Heatonex Coat and Hat Set—another example of Heatonex brilliance in styling. Ask for it at your favourite Children's Outfitters or Stores.

heatonex
GARMENTS FOR YOUNG DAUGHTERS

by Heaton's (Leeds) Ltd



Careful use of your cosmetics will do much to make up for their scarcity. Cherish that exquisite Yardley Perfume—is it regal Bond Street or the Lovable Fragrance of Lavender? Treasure to the last pinch, your Bond Street Complexion Powder. Make your Lipstick last you longer, and when you *must* renew, get a Yardley Lipstick refill, 1/10 in all shades. There's a 2/6 refill too for the famous Yardley Talc. It will re-fill the 1/8 tin three times. You know, the quality of the lovely Yardley things is supreme, and *Quality is Economy*—they are worth waiting for.



Yardley LONDON

Uniform by Garrould

Now that garments are rationed it will pay to buy only good quality uniform for your staff, guaranteed to give long wear so that the Purchase Tax and Coupons are not continually being paid by too frequent renewals. Write for our illustrated catalogue of other styles—sent post free.

Apron 797. An attractively embroidered open-work fine organdie bibless apron, finished with a plain white frill (3 coupons) 3/11½

Cap 511 (1 coupon)
To match apron 2/6½
Set 259. For semi-V neck 2/11

Ethel. This popular style has a semi-fitting bodice with V neck. The skirt is semi-flared. Made in a good range of colours.

All Wool Repp	Wm's 32/6
(11 coupons)	O.S. 37/11
Alpaca 2nd Quality	Wm's 31/9
(7 coupons)	O.S. 35/9
Super Marocain	Wm's 35/6
(7 coupons)	O.S. 38/6

Prices are liable to advance without notice.
Catalogue in full colours, post free.



E. & R. GARROULD LTD., 150-162 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.2

Quality Tells

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
James Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND

Sanderson's
**LUXURY BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY**

VAT 69

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD. LEITH



NO EVASIVE ACTION . . .

"Would your advertisement claims pass our Intelligence Officer?" enquired a R.A.F. officer the other day. "Can you really fit me up with a Greatcoat right away—cut and fit, up to the best made-to-measure standard?" Having dealt with flying officers since the birth of the old R.F.C. we knew we couldn't take evasive action on such a direct question, and we politely explained that we would gladly meet his I.O. face to face. What's more, we proved there and then to our new customer that we could not only fit him out immediately with a greatcoat but with uniform and any item of service equipment. And, of course, we can do the same for officers in the Navy or Army.

W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S., A.T.S. (and other Women's Services), OFFICERS' UNIFORMS made to measure at shortest notice. Also all accessories.

**MOSS
BROS**
& COMPANY LIMITED

Also 3-5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth; and Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Heysham, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shoreham, Shrivvenham, York.

Naval, Military and R.A.F. Outfitters

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2

TEmpLe Bar 4477 (12 lines)

KNOWN FOR 25 YEARS
AS SPETON

GYNOMIN Brand
ANTISEPTIC TABLETS
Pronounced GUY-NO-MIN
REGD. TRADE MARK
ENDORSED BY
MEDICAL PROFESSION

British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., 21 Eastbury Road, Northwood, Middx.

Free on request in plain sealed envelope,
Brochure T.13.—"Planned Parenthood."

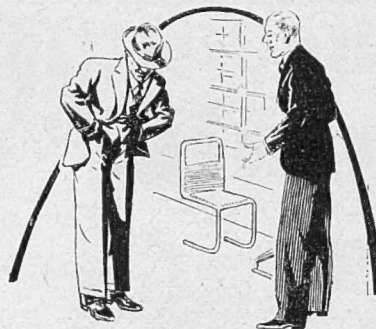
OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS



Thanks chiefly to their unique gas-tight construction, ★ Champion Sparking Plugs are ensuring utmost engine-efficiency with economy, and worthily contributing that dependable ignition which is so essential.

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUGS

★ The SILLMENT Seal, exclusive to Champion, prevents gas-leakage.
CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED



They'll be as smart as that till the day you discard them

Wearra Shoes fit the feet; no "breaking-in," with consequent loss of shape and smartness. You have perfect foot comfort from the moment you are fitted.

Made in sizes and half-sizes, each in slim, medium and broad. Wearra Shoes supply a correct fit in both length and width.

Three smart (American-style) models in choicest black or brown leathers.

Wearra
MULTIPLE
FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN



H. L. S. says:

Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers:

JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.
(Dept. T) Irthlingborough
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

JACQMAR

announce the opening of
Bianca Mosca's

Export Model Department at
JACQMAR, 16 GROSVENOR ST., W.1

TITLED LADIES' GOWNS

COATS, COSTUMES, etc., created by MOLYNEUX, HARTNELL, CHANEL, WORTH, PAQUIN, SCHIAPARELLI, etc., new or worn once only, also direct from all eminent houses. Our prices 2-12 gns. approx. (4 pre-war prices).

REGENT DRESS CO.

1st Floor, Piccadilly Mansions, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue,
Piccadilly Circus, W.1.
(Next door to Cafe Monico).
Gerrard 7326 Gentlemen's Dept., 2nd Floor.

WANTED

FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer per return

CHILD, 32 Hill Street, Birmingham
Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds

WOODSTOCK SPORTSWEAR CO.

Invest your coupons wisely
FOR QUALITY TAILORMADES, SPORTSWEAR
AND TRAVELLING COATS

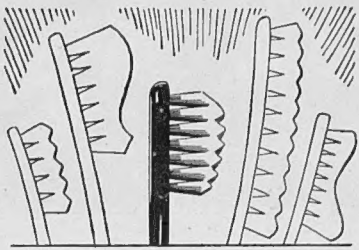
Autumn models now available

Call—21 **WOODSTOCK STREET, NEW**
BOND STREET, W.1 MAYfair 7180

THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

**CHUBB
SAFES**

THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH



What size is a toothbrush?

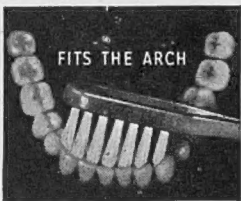
THERE used to be an idea that any size would do. TEK changed all that. The makers knew that there must be *one* perfect size that would reach even those tooth surfaces a dentist can only see with a mirror. These are the danger surfaces, where decay most easily starts.

The makers of TEK thought hard. They called in dentists for advice. When the TEK toothbrush was ready, 92 dentists out of every hundred consulted said it was the most efficient toothbrush ever made.

Because of war difficulties, fewer TEKs can be made than formerly. We much regret the inconvenience to retailers and customers. Even if you should be disappointed occasionally, always ask for TEK as supplies may have arrived meantime.

Designed
by
Dentists

MADE IN
ENGLAND



Tek^{2/-}

Plus
Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gr. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

T1

It began with the RABBIT

THE rabbit was a new pet of my young brother's. He was showing it to the family when it got away. We all chased it—and that was when mother fell and broke her leg.

It was a four months' job! We couldn't afford a nurse, so I stayed away from the office for the first fortnight and after that the neighbours were wonderful. With their help, I managed to nurse mother and run the house all right.

Then, just as mother was beginning to get better, that brother of mine went down with whooping cough and I had *him* on my hands.

To cap everything, the Assistant-Manager at the office was called up and the Chief asked me to take over his job. It meant more pay and of course I was glad—but somehow I didn't seem equal to the work. I used to take work home to do but it got more and more difficult to concentrate. I could not make the effort. Half the time my head felt as though it was stuffed with cotton-wool. Sometimes I'd give it up and go to bed in the hope that I'd feel different the next day, but I'd get up just as tired as ever.

At last I spoke to Doctor about it. I expected him to say I just needed a holiday. But he didn't. He said a person of my age ought to recover from hard work after a couple of good nights' sleep. "I suspect that's just the trouble—you're not getting the right kind of sleep," he said. And he told me about the three sleep groups and said I must take Horlicks to get back into the 1st Sleep Group.

I started taking Horlicks that very night. In no time I was feeling better. I get deep, refreshing sleep every night now, after Horlicks. I wake up feeling



truly rested and restored.
And the job's going fine!

You can't do any job well, you can't keep a clear mind, you can't be cheerful and energetic unless you have deep, restoring sleep—1st Group Sleep. That's what Horlicks will give you.

In every way Horlicks builds one up. With the addition of water only, it is a complete food, providing warmth and energy, body-building and tissue-repairing material.

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure the most equitable distribution of the supplies of Horlicks that are available.

GRENFELL CLOTH

RAINCOATS · GOLF JACKETS · SPORTSWEAR

Extensively used by
H.M. Forces

Enquiries
HAYTHORNTHWAITE & SONS LTD
Lodge Mill Burnley Lancs



The Ideal Pair

VANTELLA

SHIRT

with a

VAN HEUSEN

COLLAR

for Style & Long Wear

After a
journey like this
you do need a
real good wash



• The gentle lather of Wright's soothes and safeguards your skin while it cleanses the stains of work and travel. You're refreshed and protected against every risk of chance infection.

Keep a tablet at the
office, too..

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar
Soap

7½d. per tablet

PURCHASE TAX INCLUDED

W.I

Comfort in Khaki

'VIYELLA' and 'CLYDELLA' Service Shirts have double the life that you'd expect—and keep their well-tailored look, comfort and colour to the very end, through wear and washing. Ties to match in regulation khaki.



'Viyella'
AND
'Clydella'

SERVICE SHIRTS

A.T.S. Service Shirt, khaki 'Viyella,' with 2 collars, up to and inc. 14½" neck, 20/1d, Ties 3/- Similarly in khaki 'Clydella' 18/3d. Larger sizes extra. Stocked by high-class stores everywhere. WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

The Gleneagles COSTUME FOR GIRLS

This attractive costume comprises Clan Tartan Kilty Skirt and diced or plain jersey with tie and diced or plain stockings to match. It is a much-favoured dress for school. Prices for complete costumes:—

2½ years	..	£2 . 14 . 11	12 coupons
3	"	£2 . 16 . 2	12 "
4	"	£2 . 18 . 11	12 "
5	"	£2 . 19 . 11	12 "
6	"	£3 . 3 . 5	12 "
7	"	£3 . 7 . 3	12 "
8	"	£3 . 11 . 5	12 "
9	"	£3 . 13 . 11	12 "
10	"	£3 . 17 . 10	12 "

Paisley LTD.

72-96 Jamaica Street
2-12 Broomielaw
(Broomielaw Corner),
Glasgow, C.1

Telephone:
CEN 5087

Telegrams:
"Outfitter, Glasgow"

HIGHLAND catalogue in Full Colours
describing all Highland Dress styles for
Adults and Children. Post Free on request.

Headquarters for Highland Dress



*Give up
your Binoculars.*

every pair is needed for National Service

Kershaw's Famous Prismatic Binoculars, British all through—the world's standard of quality—will be again available at a later date.

SOHO LIMITED
COLHAM MILL ROAD
WEST DRAYTON, MIDDX

KERSHAW

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE
SCOTCH

*Gentle as
a lamb*



● A whisky that warms first acquaintance into old friendship. Old Angus has a flavour as Scottish as the moors, and an amber clearness as pure as a mountain burn.